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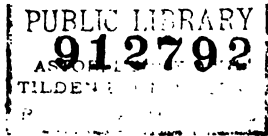
BLESSING ESAU

EXPERIMENTS IN HIGH SCHOOL
ENGLISH-TEACHING

BY
JULIA DAVENPORT RANDALL



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FOREWORD

THE lost coin which the woman found after a long and dusty search was not so valuable, perhaps, as to pay for her effort. And the lost sheep prized by the shepherd was only one per cent of the flock, and a hungry sheep at that. I have always thot that the ninety and nine must have furnished a better quality of wool. Then too the shepherd's time was worth something. The desirability of his rescue-work might have been doubted by an Efficiency-Expert. Some way, tho, one always wants to clap when these two good folks found what they sought. One understands their rejoicing; a sentimental thing, but we understand it because we too are sentimental. If shepherds impair their power to look after the many by their care of the few,—that indeed might be a matter for the Efficiency-Man. However it would be a nice matter to prove that they do, for good shepherding is useful to the ninety and nine; doubtless there wouldn't be ninety-nine of them if they hadn't a good shepherd.

My small experiments in going after the chil-

dren or classes that were for some reason not of the ninety and nine have covered the last ten years or more, and I have tried several times most of the problems taken up here. I am sometimes inclined, right in class, to laugh at myself for a sort of hortatory, evangelistic tone which also colors my accounts of my work. This must come from a pastoral ancestry; tho perhaps it is rather a trait of worldly sea-faring forebears, who were never satisfied unless they brot back as well as carried out a full cargo.

My dear ninety and nine have given me solid satisfaction, and they have upheld my good opinion by succeeding; what I call succeeding in youthful fashion, in many lines of work. And so too have my odd ones, who had required much searching and time on my part. There for instance is Jack. ("Flunked Six! Can you beat it? Wanted enthymemes, he did. Do you reckon I'd have squeaked thru if I'd known what an enthymeme was?") Yet Jack has squeaked thru two years of ambulance driving because he didn't know what Fear was, and he has a Croix de Guerre. And there was Wilfred, who stood on the burning deck and was one of the heroes of a great magazine article. And there was Harry, with his missionary atheism, and his busy, foreign, turbulent Pacifism! Bolshevik in theory, he proved a

faithful soldier, faithful to the end. And must his mouth be cold? No; I seem to hear Harry, actually talking again and saying: "Would it really be a poor journey if a man comes to the House of Hades and finds all the heroes who became just men in their own lives? . . . For my part I should wish to die many times, if these tales are true. Then what a wonderful time together the two of us would have, whenever I met . . . any of the ancient warriors! The greatest thing of all is, to find out by questioning and searching into the people—there as well as here—which of them is Wise. To discourse with the folk there and be in their company,—that would be a wholly unimagined happiness."

Children like these are only part of the story. Children of another sort, those to whom we can give only a little because their necessities call them away from school so soon; these too have in my experience often met with an unexpected degree of success. Two girls came to see me the other Sunday; Anna, a two-year business-student, who has a job, and Ruth, a Teachers'-College graduate, who has a position. They are two admirable girls, both happy in helping their mothers send the younger children thru school. When Anna's father died, and Ruth's father had to go South, I felt more anxious for Anna, because she had

had relatively so little given to her to work upon. But Anna, who has been out of school only three years, now runs a small branch office for her company, and knows incredible amounts about Cement. She modestly attributes her having secured a position at once to her being tall and having some speed. For "tall" I emend and say "Dignified and reliable," and to her speed I add a good degree of accuracy. They are a good pair, these two. Their earning powers are not greatly different, and their pretty manners, good taste in dress, and girlish joy in life seem to put them really on the same basis. When I see cases like Anna's I am encouraged about our short-time courses.

My experiments sometimes seem to me not to smack sufficiently of scientific sharpness and efficiency. I respect those two things, and do not presume to think them tiresome even if they are at present rather over-estimated. I too bow the knee in the House of Rimmon; that is, sometimes, once a year, maybe, when our complicated final reports go in. The rest of the time, like Naaman, I worship the True God. I know how scattering our efforts would be, without method, and certain kinds of careful planning and book-keeping. But, after all, it is the easy jobs in which Efficiency helps us, and it helps us very much, giving us time

to do the real work of the day. This same Efficiency is the very substance of things tangible—of things which need no evidence, for there they are. When it has taken us on as far as it can, we need an evidence of things not seen, as a substance of things hoped for. Older teachers know that we sometimes do see just the things hoped for. Anna, young Hagar in the wilderness, finds springs of water. Jack's gay nonchalance about taking a chance has brot serious men back from death. Harry has laid down his pacifism and his life that the word of one of his nation might come true, and all nations might cease to learn war. This justification of Faith has so often come to the teacher of experience, that she begins to believe that her hope for the slow, the giddy, the perverse, is really an evidence of things not seen.

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BLESSING ESAU

BLESSING ESAU

MY BRIDGE-APPROACH

I SEE a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide."

Our town has a free bridge which was long noted for the striking fact that, while it was an imposing structure, it had no approaches. "Now learn a parable of the free bridge," I have often told my lazier self when she suggested that it is a drudgery to make things plain to children. "What's the good of that triumph of educational engineering, those illustrious arches of your own erudition, of which you are so justly proud, if you can't show good approaches on the student side?"

Thus chidden, my mind has been working overtime, in a way which my more-organized fellows in the building profession would never suffer, to make an approach to English as we give it in the high schools of our city. Most of our children find the approach from the eighth-grade English

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ample, but fifteen per cent do not and must manage to muddle along some way or drown in the tide beneath. Fifteen per cent would be a great many kittens to drown; as for children—du lieber Himmel!

From much experience, I know that some children who fail are plainly lazy, and some hard workers are handicapped too much and must soon go under. Between these, however, are many interesting and sensible children suffering from specific weaknesses which can be helped, if one has time and mind to undertake it. I have often tried to help such children in regular classes, but have failed; or at least the results were hardly visible, while in a special class they are quite apparent. There has even been a certain feeling of satisfaction on the part of the class that they were at last accomplishing something. Their attitude has at times reminded me of the frank remark of a young guest I once entertained: "I didn't expect to have a good time, but it's been great."

The experiment described here took place in one of the larger St. Louis high-schools, where crowded conditions, later relieved, led to high failure averages. Our first half-year ended with a group of forty-five "repeaters" in English I, some of whom were to try again the third or even the fourth time. These were put into two divi-

sions under different teachers, and my class numbered eight girls and thirteen boys. To base many conclusions on this small number would be misleading, except that in such a class one finds on a large scale the same weaknesses to which one is always tracing failures in unsifted classes. I mean such weaknesses as bad writing and spelling, incoherent sentences, and unintelligent reading. My specials were mostly bad spellers. The papers of the better ones, when read aloud, sounded very much like the papers of my second-term students, but they looked worse, both in spelling and in handwriting. From my specials I heard of "shinning morning faces" and "gently slopping roofs." And "roughings" (meaning ruins) was an experiment of one of them. Some of them wrote labyrinthine sentences, and others at first wrote none at all, letting original composition work go by default. One sentence that I saved several days came from some notes on a "Wayside Inn" story called by the annotator "The Kobbler of Hagenau." It runs thus: "Indulgence means that if you by a letter of which a monk was going around selling it for the purpose of building the church at Rome called St. Petersburg that all your sins would be forgiven and the people thot they would go to Heaven when they died." That sort of sentence building may be

pretty bad, but the unintelligent silent reading, which was the rule in this class, was almost worse, for it was ominous of failure in other things, and it set a huge mountain in the way of reading alone for pleasure.

Most of this was evident during the first two or three class hours. It took longer to diagnose the failure in silent reading, and I haven't really—as Lincoln might have said—"come down to the raisins" on that yet. That is, my remedy for it is more oral reading, which partly begs the question. Since we all heard speech and music before we knew letters or notes, however, it may be that oral reading will lead to more intelligent silent reading. One of my little girls said to me once: "Can't we read to-day's work out loud? I didn't understand it at all." Her comment and many other signs made me think that this group of children were simply not eye-minded. Only two have particular defects of vision to which their parents' attention has been called, and I think them real exceptions, for they like to read to themselves and probably can carry their work well in the future. All of them are greedy listeners to reading aloud and remember it well.

The shortage in visual impressions is partly compensated for in different ways. The "Kobler" boy plays the violin and is an athlete, while

one girl is what is called a graduate in piano. As a class, they show a good ear in detecting wrong accents, a capability which some brilliant children lack. And in this class alone, of all I have ever had, a New Englandism of my own pronunciation was respectfully pointed out. I had never observed it before, but the critics' ears were right. Then, they are strong on the motor side. While they pay little attention generally to pictures and, unlike my other younger pupils, seldom mention the "movies," I think that they might themselves be considered "movies." They are stirring children, awaking to enthusiasm about sports and machinery, and they would recognize a "1915 model" far more quickly than their eye-minded teacher. Four or five of them—almost half my quota—took part in our Shakespeare Tercentenary pageant, and "did me proud." One of them was once copying, in my room, while an older class was having a discussion of current events. A lad was trying, in connection with something else, to explain a new appliance to a steam engine, but was not making himself very clear. My special—he was the "Indulgences" boy—looked so eager to explain that I set the child among the elders, as it were, and he acquitted himself well. He probably would have told you that wasn't English; that was sense. I understand that the

motor-mindedness of the girls makes several of them stars in domestic science. One who would not at first make a struggle in her English (she had become so discouraged) proved this when, during the absence of their teacher, I was called upon to sit with the sewing class to which she belonged. I observed her for nearly a week, and she understood so much better than I did the directions of another sewing teacher who came in and assigned the work, that—with what decent disguises I might—I followed a Dickens precedent: I called on my little special to “give my opinion” on questions that arose. She was the real substitute.

This tentative conclusion about the children's impressions followed various experiments. The class read “Tales of a Wayside Inn”—rather from expediency than from my choice—and one experiment was this: after having a good part of the more interesting stories read aloud, at first by the teacher and gradually by the children, I wrote characteristic quotations from them on the blackboard, and the children had only partial success in recognizing them; but when I read other similar selections aloud there was a cloud of eager witnesses, either accurate or lucky in their answers. On several of these the whole class volunteered. Another indication of the same sort is

that this division remembered the proper names in the Dickens story which I read them better than my regular divisions in second term, to whom I read the same novel.

While I was getting the class used to the sound of their own voices, for they had been silent members of previous classes, I used a great deal of dictation work, having some done every day. This I had corrected and copied into notebooks. By the end of the semester, these books contained from fifty to seventy pages of manuscript half-foolscap size. Of course the notebooks still contain many inaccuracies. I have required the pupils to rewrite any page containing four or more mistakes or erasures and one student had to do ten pages a second time, while two others were nearly as careless. Four of the girls have books of very good appearance. In one of these—not the best—I counted fifty-three pages free from errors and erasures to fifteen containing one or more. One boy could show as good a notebook as this, but generally, although the children's former teachers notice the boy's progress as much as the girl's, the boys started a little lower down in the matter of form, and their books are somewhat less satisfactory.

The dictation books have several sorts of material. The selection which I gave the class dur-

ing the first days, Laboulaye's "Grizzled Peter," is frankly humorous, and I was charmed to see that the writers' faces, at first bored and a trifle sullen, were soon illuminated with grins. The other two long stories were from German sources: "The Journey Companions," an allegory from a collection called "Aus meiner Welt," and another, which I have not lately looked up, but which I called "Black Diamond," a humorous, half-allegorical account of a little Moor and a Golden Princess, both of whom changed color. These stories, as well as the biographical and other articles in the notebook, were rewritten for the use of this class, so as to illustrate the rules of spelling and punctuation for which I was holding my specials responsible. At the very first, I spelled names and unusual words and called attention myself to the punctuation. Later, while I still spelled names and unusual words, I would stop the writing from time to time and ask where there had been cases of words in series, where direct quotations, just what words were quoted, etc. This was the medicine, and I sugar-coated it as well as I could with local references and mild jokes, since I found that a good method for this particular group. After these three stories I wanted something sounding in moral virtue, and gave them some verses to which a friend who is a

social worker had called my attention. A sample of this poem is:

You can do as much as you think you can,
But you'll never accomplish more;
If you are afraid of yourself, young man,
There's little for you in store.
For failure comes from the inside first.

I think this serious little "penny-worth of bread" has gone very well with the more sparkling "sack." Besides these, we had various items in connection with the "Wayside Inn" work. The greatest favorite in that division of their books was a gossipy and partly legendary account of Charlemagne (the tone being taken from that of the Longfellow poems). Would it shock any gentle reader to hear it hinted that a boy said (not to his teacher) that "Charlemange was a regular guy"? Those children are not fond of pictures, but they did look interestedly at several pictures and one small souvenir connected with "Charlemange." The afore-mentioned mispronunciation, I must add, was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies, though I had once heard that same thing in church and had seen not one quiver of an eyelid in my part of the congregation. The last items in the book were letter

forms and short crams on the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" stories; left-overs from our usual first-term work in which these students had failed. From previous work with some of them I realized that a minimum of this Homer work was the best thing for them, but I did not want them to leave it behind quite unconquered.

So much for the notebooks. They contain some original work, mostly notes on outside reading, but not much. I thought this was a case where it was best not to press "the barren wits of striplings" for a useless output, when I might be helping them to form some habits of no small usefulness. When I said that their summaries of the Dickens story read to them compare well, except as to form, with those written by their contemporaries who passed English 1, I meant that I have actually read these little stories to other critical people, and the hearers have been unable to detect the work of the "specials." My confidence in the value of dictation work in forming good habits has been growing with experience, and the other day it received confirmation from an unexpected source. A friend of mine, who is by no means a "hyphenated American" in a bad sense, speaks and writes English in an unusually good style. One would never believe that she had heard a foreign language spoken at

home, had not attended the public schools, and had not even been accustomed to an English church service. She was for nineteen years the stenographer of a man who used choice English, and the other day, when I complimented her on her literary style, she said: "I think that much of my education in English was just taking Mr. R's dictation. I couldn't make an awkward or slipshod sentence now without feeling that I was doing wrong." Our long stretch of dictation work has been worth while because it gave the needed combination of auditory, motor and visual impressions in the beginning; and reading it aloud after copying it into the notebooks gave the same combination in a different order. I did not have it read aloud until I had marked the first-draft papers, and the students had corrected the mistakes as far as they could, for the threefold impression must be as nearly accurate as we could make it. There has been "an intolerable deal" of correcting for all of us, but it has not been wasted.

The much-described notebooks gave us part of our material for oral readings, which I emphasized during one-quarter of the term. In this work I followed a hint given at a National Council meeting. A speaker there reported an experiment in eighth-grade oral reading in a foreign section, where pronunciation and sentence accent

were bad. She had the children read aloud at home daily for stated periods, members of their families coöperating in recording the practice time. In only one case did I have to seek any home coöperation in my group, for the good effect of the practice showed so plainly. I had told the children to read with exaggerated emphasis rather than too quietly, and one boy told me that he was reading the sporting page to a housemate who differed from him in baseball sympathies, and that he "always read the Cards' victories very loud." (His work was so well motivated that I had not the heart, just then, to insinuate anything against the sort of English he was reading. It was at least fully as good as his.) While this home-reading was going on, we read at sight in class. I found the "Boy Scouts' Magazine" and "St. Nicholas" good for this purpose, and the final sight-reading test was on the "Boy's Life of Mark Twain." It went well, the most nervous children, two who could read to me only in private at first, doing very fairly. A silent-reading test from a botany textbook was less satisfactory, in so far as it resulted in too close adherence to the language of the book, which was, however, not at hand when the report was made.

The general conclusion that I have reached from this part of the work is that these children

will do well to study aloud. Is it, after all, such eternal disgrace not to get one's best impressions through the eye? To quote a wise man from the East, "If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing?" But it seems hard for schools to give full credit to the unfashionable child-mind that is not all "an eye"; for this is a generation when some people study singing by correspondence, when they "see" operas, and even call an oratorio a show.

How to make more of auditory and motor images is a question the answer to which must be framed differently for different classes. Far be it from me to say that the teachers ought to talk more. That remark about vain repetitions infers that we simply cease to be heard by reason of our much speaking. The voices whose impressions last are not necessarily the voices of teachers, though a teacher can do much with judgment and a good voice. My specials have often unconsciously quoted one girl whose prettily spoken phrases have lingered in their memories. More than a dozen years ago I visited a Chicago grade school which is now well housed; but then the children were reciting in the ill-lighted halls, and one fell over them on the stairs. The necessary noises indoors and the clamor from the streets made an endless hubbub, which sharpened the

teachers' voices and made the discipline harsh. The children were chiefly Italian, and some were just beginning to understand English. It was a place to drive any one to despair. I was hearing a lifeless grammar lesson when the teacher proposed that the children read us things that they liked from their readers. There was a breath, a stir, a noticeable thrill; a slender, Raphael-faced youngster was suddenly upon his feet, and then came something delightful that has often flashed upon my inner ear. "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" was young Raphael's choice. The other selections were hackneyed, but some way, that day, living and lovely. Who would have thought the old lines had so much blood? The whole class lived intensely those precious minutes. The street noise seemed to stop. It was all like something religious. What is more, the teacher had clearly stood aside and let the children do it with their wonderful Italian voices. She had that high degree of skill. They did not get an intonation from her, at least by imitation, for her voice had been sacrificed to her surroundings. Considering the needs of that class, I thought that the teacher was adapting means to an end in using auditory impressions in a way that has ever since commanded my admiration.

In speaking of the practical psychological phases of my experiment, I may have told a great deal indirectly about the personal side, but must not omit some other facts. I believe that our two special classes warmed up the English Department a degree or two. The teacher of the other division is also of that opinion. Only one child made anything at all like a complaint of a former teacher's dealings, and those under whom my specials failed have been truly interested in their success, have examined specimens of their work and coöperated cordially. Many of the parents have been intelligently appreciative of what we are trying to do. The children have felt that this class was on a different basis, have come in before or after school for little calls, have shown an interest in each other in illness or trouble that is unusual in this large school. Of course it has not all been fair weather, but it has been possible to run the class upon a minimum of fault-finding, on a principle expounded by one of my friends, who could coax a good trot out of a horse that only ambled for other drivers. "You see," she explained, "I'm left-handed. I whip him in a new spot." The new spot in this case is the idea that the school is helping them up their hill of difficulty. "See only, son," said one good

German-American mother, "how the teacher is on your side! So you must work." In time of need a very light touch on that spot was enough.

This was the way I had hoped it could be done—by a little more understanding and coöperation. As a step toward the understanding, I had tried, with lively memories of Dr. Judd and Madam Montessori, to experiment on, and observe myself in, the process of blundering. My experiments were motor and auditory-motor. My attempts to learn tatting were about as successful as the efforts of my specials to spell Homeric names. As to the rest, I think "The bous Appollo" must have all but launched an arrow at me when he heard me reading along softly with the tenors and basses in the serious chorus to which I belong. Such experiments have given me more concrete ideas of the children's difficulties and have added to my own feeling that we were co-workers.

Perhaps young teachers would think children like my specials need only to repeat the course in which they have failed and that such repetition is disciplinary. We older ones do not see it quite so flatly. "It's they simple things," as the Dartmoor mother says, "that have oftenest got a kink in 'em." Another "great perhaps" is that the approach, good and gradual as it is, may be too easy; for the bridge is after all hard to cross,

Like the one Mirza saw standing in the midst of the tide, this bridge has many pitfalls, and the child whose feet we have set upon the first arch may run straight into one of these. Still, I think the chances are good the other way, too; for not falling thru, but passing safely over. The program cards show that half these specials dropped out of school during the next two years. Of these I have seen one girl from my class, who was preparing for Vassar when home-calls took her out of school. I have heard from two boys in the Navy and am glad to say that they write good, clear letters. He whose mother divined "on whose side the teacher was," shows—to judge by his picture—as much development and general improvement as any school could have given him. The little girl with the pretty voice finished her course in schedule time. Several members of the class have received the Soldan S, for various reasons, not excluding scholarship. I am far from assuming that my colleague and I built the whole approach without which they would have drowned. But my point is that we reduced the "drowned" from fifteen to about eleven per cent; that each of our special classes "salvaged" all the members but one, and that half of these went on across the bridge.

BLESSING ESAU

ESAU cried with an exceeding great and bitter cry. Hast thou but one blessing, O my father? Bless me, even me also, O my father. And Esau lifted up his voice and wept."

Yes, this pretty old Bible-saying is sentimentally applied. You are right. Furthermore, my young Esaus would not thank me for the comparison. These little short-time students are independent and self respecting. My mind's ear hears two of them comment on the idea that theirs is a hard case. I hear George, who "looks successfully" and Madeline, with her long braids and her merry, sidelong glances. "An exceeding great and bitter cry. . . . Gee! Whad-do-you-know about that?" "Bless me, even me also. . . . GOOD-night nurse!" Yes, that is what they would say. But it was not in his earliest youth that the older Esau missed his birth-right and regretted it. Tho most of our two-year commercials are happily unconscious of what the world offers to the prepared, we, their teachers, are not so un-

concerned. We know that in most cases they can go no farther, and we want to make their short period of English study all it can be, lest we give all the blessing to Jacob when Esau has more need of blessing.

A two-year Commercial Course is not a lovely thing, but it appears to be a necessity. The New London, Connecticut, system prefaces this course by a study of commercial subjects in seventh and eighth grades, a pre-commercial course; because the management thinks that not enough can be done in ninth and tenth grades to be practically useful to the student. In St. Louis we still give a laborious two-year course in business subjects, and the increasing demand for it proves at least that it is thought to be useful. We have a good grade of rather young children taking this course. It appears, from cases which I have looked into, that a large number of them can afford to go to school only until they are old enough to get their working-papers. They are often children who have been promoted once or more in the grades, and they reach us immature and young. These children take their strictly commercial work with the utmost seriousness, a seriousness which sometimes shows itself in the explanation, "I didn't get my theme wrote because I had to work on stenography." They realize that they will

"need" their stenography, and do not realize in many cases, that they "need" a different sort of English from that of their daily life. The teachers of these business branches have a straight-ahead job, not easy with young pupils, but possible. We have no such straight and narrow path to follow, but I trust that our task, too, is possible.

We have decided lately in St. Louis, that one-half of our present four-year course is not the thing to offer to Esau. To think of such a thing suggests Solomon's judgment about the two babies. We have now to come out into the open and say what George and Madeline ought to have in their short two years. In defining this course we shall blunder, but blunders may in time be corrected. Certainly if we never clearly define our task we shall keep on blundering. Our present course is not regarded as anything final; we may continue with altogether separate work for two-year and four-year students, a course we have followed since 1916, or we may so define the four-years' work that one-half of it will form a somewhat unified course; a little cycle which can be enlarged for the student who is to stay longer. We used to give our short-time commercials one-half of a "once-over" course, and we used to have many failures in the last term; many children failed, that is, who could perfectly well do the

routine work in business, with which any one would trust beginners. This failure meant simply that the student couldn't deal with Addison, Coleridge, Lamb, and certain Romanticists besides, whose names are written in the *Golden Treasury*. There appears to be much the same sort of connection between these subjects and the two-year business course that we see in the classic riddle about the "Elephant, oyster and crab-apple tree" of our childhood. However, I do not wish to take a frivolous view of this phase of the subject. If the elephant chases the oyster up the crab-apple tree (all according to the condition) perhaps one can compute therefrom "how many shoe-strings it will take to fatten a lamp-post." To one who cannot combine these data, however, they must needs be regarded as useless, highly tho we ourselves prize them. And an inexperienced two-year student cannot carry his program, full of practicing that cannot be compressed or hastened, and do much calm thinking on difficult literary points. Some way it seems that he cannot connect the course we used to give him with himself to any vital degree. "A person or a poet," one of my students once wrote, giving me in this expression a good image of the remoteness of his English study from his daily self. "Christ's Hospital is found in England on the

Tiber and is very old," suggested another. "All the crew," said a third, "died and left their bodies on the deck with the exception of the many dreadful animals of the sea." These are samples of the confusion which I used to find in the themes of over-worked commercial students in their last term in school. In our present course the Literature work is much less in quantity, and is different in quality, to the loss, perhaps, of the unusually gifted few; but, I think I must say, to the gain of a majority. Our fourth-semester students write better themes than they used to when they were overburdened with the set Literature requirements. They treat their subjects in their own style and in the old days one was glad to get the merest common sense, let alone style.

I do not want to give the idea that we are contentedly turning out a class of young barbarians who are indifferent to the great classics. We all know that we do turn out children thus indifferent, but not barbarians, from all departments of our educational system. I try to keep somewhere in sight a bit of china once presented to me by my original and beloved Delphine, whom I taught in a well-conducted college-preparatory school for girls. The giver of the bonbonniere is now in France, doing great things for separated families. Delphine was most classically trained,

but her mind, already turning to practical things, led her to tell me, one day, just what she thot of a certain English classic. The bonboniere was a peace-offering which she afterwards felt that the occasion called for. "Now," I often tell myself, "Delphine, one of our real American aristocracy, felt that way, and had the goodness and honesty to say so." Why wonder that busy, crowded George and Madeline, if required to read certain classics, sometimes used to invoke the suffering cats or other tribal deities? I am inclined to think that to-day our two-year children have gained somewhat in appreciation for the real classics, because they now read what they choose to read among them. I notice that they stand and study the reading-list of the four-year students, and mine read things from this list. Dictation exercises introducing such things, stories of course, have proved popular. They read the English novelists with varying results as to enjoyment, but at least all such reading is voluntary. "I read it carefully and didn't think much of it," said my calm, orderly little cameo-girl, Gertrude. Her pretty, clear-cut face flushed a trifle as she went on: "Why do they call it such a great book?" The book was "Tale of Two Cities." The young reader had something to say for herself, as to why she had not "thot much

of it." But against her clearly defined opinion I must set another opinion, unuttered but expressed. This was Edward's opinion. Edward was at that time my Demonstration of Perpetual Motion. He loved the blackboard as Andrea loved "great walls to cover." I let him write there, during dictation, and he always presented a kinetic picture of satisfaction. The class had wanted a dictation on "Two Cities," which several of them, including Edward, were reading. The anticipation of the end of the story did not seem to spoil the interest for them. They had no doubt heard the main points from the regular second-term children who read the book in class. If Edward had heard, tho, his "hope was better," and, when I reached the last part of the review, he called out, with no preliminary raising of hand and snapping of fingers: "Did *he* die in *his* place?" And when I answered yes, Edward turned his face to the wall and wrote no more. To him the story was at least real.

When we first thot of modifying our old course to the extent of separating the two-year students from the others, we had some natural scruples. It was hard to admit that two years would be the limit of the school-life of many of our children, for is not this America? Are not all things possible? All things are perhaps pos-

sible, but not expedient. We feared taking a step toward Prussianism, in recognizing, as it seemed, a class distinction. But was not that really a little shabby? Ben Johnson, I believe, describes the state of "being essentially mad without seeming so." I dare say that we were, in the old days, essentially snobbish without seeming so, when we forced everybody thru the same mold, on the supposition that there was but one way to give good training in English. We shall not be evolving a class school and shutting the doors of higher schools upon short-time students so long as we give them real work which helps them. Undigested facts and theories never quite taken in engender habits of failure, and a habit of failure shuts the doors I mentioned, and other doors as well. Sometimes, when I cannot sleep, I think of my small C. and I always see her tear-stained face. She was a fourth-term failure under the old course; I believe she was straight in everything else and "a swell stenog," as her friends said, but she could not honestly be passed in the regular English course. This poor child had a blurred notion of names of a few persons or poets of the Romantic Age. Among friends she usually spoke of people as guys, and of good food as flossy eats. She began most sentences with "Listen!" "Gosh" was in her vocabulary. Her

whole impression of the Sir Roger papers would be about this: "There was an old geeser who spent week-ends in the country with another one named Sir Roger who was nuts on a widow and afterwards died." C. was much discouraged over her failure tho she took her grade amiably; she did not come back to finish her deficiency and I hope this did not give her too much precedent for failing. Now, however, students of her mentality are, under the new course, getting good habits, reading what they can, and stopping with an appetite for more.

As to the reading-list for Two-year Commercials, we must confess to more vocational books than of any other type. At the Providence Technical High School, in the two-year course which lasts four years (the classes which alternate periods of study and work) the boys are said to divide their books into the two classes, "Vocational and Interesting." We sometimes, at a student's request, say grace over a book which we teachers should not classify under either of these heads, but we bless it because we see some good reason why a student may profit by reading it. This is not all, however; for in the course of the term, when something both entertaining and solid has been reviewed, one can show the points of superiority in the last, referring, not too unkindly,

to the literary faults of the weaker book. After such an occasion, lately, I was delighted to be told by one of my girls, "I'm glad that is really a good book. I liked it so well that I read it all aloud to a blind boy next door." One needs of course to remember constantly that the indebtedness of small writers to great ones is a thing to which it is useless to call children's attention. The standardized material and characters of the best-seller are new and delightful to them as they once were to us. Stories of the H. B. Wright school, even, do seem to touch my young Esaus with some "morals," sincere tho starkly crude in their development, and at least earnest and unmistakable as to their intent. This forcing of morals I cannot do, and I have a sort of respect for those not too sicklied o'er with scruples of all kinds to do it. I know that the champagne and truffles which a man merely hears about are cold comfort, and he prefers beer and pretzels, on the table. My Esaus do not, however, choose a large amount of the beer-and-pretzel sort of reading. Winston Churchill may be occasionally prolix, but my two-year children love him just the same; for is he not also a St. Louisan, and aren't those houses in the "Crisis" right near our school? And isn't our school named for the original Mr. Brinsmade? Clearly, he is a person and not a

poet. As to the standard by which we measure the values in our short-time reading courses, I have only one more word to say; we teachers of English are perhaps, as a class, under the just imputation of referring too many educational matters to literary standards. We quote the disdainful saying about the silk purse and the hog's ear, always with the intimation that the purse is the higher type. This is where our biological colleagues would set us right. Some teachers have a trifle the attitude of considering a two-year course in the light of something over which one must sigh and shrug the shoulders, because—apparently because—it is not something else than itself. Yet this course is a respectable problem in itself, with conditions excluding all theorizing and technicalities, but leaving plenty of room for honest work. When we have made it a useful course it will command the respect given any going concern.

The composition work in this course is of all sorts tho the forms of letter-writing have to be mastered early in the game. Our first-termers are handled differently by different teachers, but I drill mine, at first, along lines already suggested as useful in a special first-class term. Of course children undiscouraged by failure, and fresh from drill in the grades, will eat up this work rapidly,

and soon be ready for a more difficult sort. They profit by the season of drill, however; and practice in the principles of punctuation has always seemed to me more constructive than a review of rules, and tests on the children's misapplication thereof.

An easy transition to composition work has been, in my classes, a regular discussion of current events. This has been mostly oral and has often been based on the good cartoons of the week. The children bring reams of these, so that it has frequently been possible to have a copy of a given picture for every two or three in the division. Much clear exposition has arisen from these pictures, and twice within a few weeks, in my most articulate division, a discussion grew into a prepared debate, asked for as a favor and prepared for with anxious care. Especially in this division participation in these cartoon discussions was eager and emphatic. We soon had a minimum of parliamentary procedure ingrained, but I recall one afternoon, when my chairman did not get ideal coöperation (not because of indifference, but because of what Lamb would call excess of participation) and when I thot best to call off the discussion. I took my dictation book, and began at random on a piece of exposition, which explained the working of a simple planisphere.

The class was disappointed but wrote meekly away, and were soon interested and trying to make little diagrams. In a day or two members of a parallel division asked me, with a somewhat hurt expression, if "our class wasn't going to learn something about star-maps, too." This incident is one which I remember when I hear the opinion expressed that our short-time children are hard to interest. It seems a disciplinary incident to go along with "Eppie in de toal-hole." If these youngsters can only keep the faculty of being interested!

In this course I have always expected a certain amount of memory-work, and we have more than once turned this to account by giving short dramatic programs. The voice-work is good for children who have their way to make, and if this sort of thing is done socially, so that all can get the practice, it seems a good and interesting way to manage a necessary thing. During the war the careful writing and learning of the playlets was motivated by the needs of our school Red Cross unit, and the socialization was so complete that I did not know until a day or two before the entertainment who my casts would be.

Another easy step toward the freer composition of the second year is simple reproduction, and later small themes on anything that may be sug-

gested by reading aloud. We have several short things on our reading-list which I give in this way: "Message to Garcia," "Man Without a Country," "Perfect Tribute," "Adrift on a Polar Ice-Pan," and Muir's "Stickeen" all come under this head. I had a delightful experience with this last one, lately. It was in the gray days of the influenza epidemic, between two recesses due to it. I had begun the little story in my late-afternoon division, who came in, as often, tired and sleepy. They immediately showed the bracing quality of Alaskan atmosphere. Amused and affectionate expressions played over some of the faces, and I could tell off-hand which children would presently be comparing "my dog" with Stickeen. Then there was a jarring note. A message came up from the office saying that, at the end of this period, school would again close indefinitely. When I proposed, however, to give all the rest of the hour to finishing "Stickeen," the air cleared at once. One by one the small ones edged up to the front and sat two in a seat. Our Tiny Tim sat on his desk at my right apparently reading along with me. The study-pupils gave up any work they had on hand and joined us, and the story came to its triumphant end. The atmosphere of the class-room on this anxious afternoon reminded me of an almost forgotten experience

of reading to a class during a tornado, which damaged the building but not the spirit of the class. Reading done in this way has always, in my experience, resulted in good theme-work, probably because the perfectly-shared emotional experience has been so real.

A longer reading, a whole book, can be used in one of these classes, if the class is sufficiently anxious to meet conditions about the dispatch of routine work. I have several times used "Captains Courageous" in a second-term class, and it has always been both popular and useful. Before I finish speaking of "Captains Courageous," I want to digress and tell some discouraged teacher about B., who had apparently escaped learning any English in high-school. One day I was walking in great gloom along an ugly street of our town, when I passed a tall man in overalls. He was busy at a grocer's delivery-wagon, and I did not see his face; and besides, I was indulging my mind in such a fit of disillusion with my profession, that I was for the moment not interested in folks, even grocers' assistants. Presently I heard my name called and saw a blue streak catching up with me in a style that could belong only to B., our famous athlete of a term or two back; a boy remembered with reverence by all the ath-

letes in the school. All the great things that he had done in athletics seemed to have been subtracted, in some occult way, from his English, altho his attitude had been the best in the world. After due preliminaries, I learn that B. had taken out a library-card and was beginning to read in earnest. He asked for and took down the names of several books which he described on which he had heard other people report, "Put Yourself in His Place" was one, and he was especially anxious to get hold of "Captains Courageous," which he described in some detail. "That was one good book," he said, and then obeying some kindly impulse, he added confidentially, "And you know that—that there piece you copied for me, that from Milton; I got that with my Confirmation things." This last sounds almost like a violation of confidence, but, you see, the B's are often starting upon their solitary reading-courses, helped by the wise librarians who are now taking our place as mentors; and they are often laying up as choice treasures things which we should choose to have them value. We cannot always know about it, though; hence this anecdote. This little talk with B. sent me on my way re-adjusted; more than that, happy. I could fancy some of the feelings of the great teacher of child-

ish minds, when he found in the wilderness not a bitter spring but an oasis with wells and palm trees.

When I first attacked our two-year commercial course, I wondered if it would be possible to feel or evoke enthusiasm about it. I rather feared that there was no more than a second-hand blessing for Esau. What I mean by the blessing is not just simple to explain. It has nothing to do with speed and accuracy, but much to do with the "internal revenues of the spirit" which Esau will need to be collecting in the future. It has to do with his ability to read, think and have fun with his mind. He may indeed get the blessing from some other source. I just read a letter written to the parents of a librarian who had lately died. The letter, from a young lad in another city, told the father and mother how their daughter had helped him in this way by suggesting to him things to read. I knew this gracious woman well and know that she probably showed all the sympathy she could with the boy's own ideas of reading, and knew something about him as a person rather than a case. This gave her the influence which lasted as long as she lived and which he feels still to be very real. I wonder if we, who have less literary tolerance than the librarians—if we are not perhaps a little proud of our

squeamishness. "Kittie's pwoud of hisself," said a little friend of mine about her cat. "It's because he's so delicut." We can cut off confidential talk about books once for all, with an adolescent, by a rash or sarcastic word about a beloved writer. We might think more of the squeamishness of our young Esaus. We can as easily cut off discussion about other things. Let it once be thot in class that the teacher has a strong political hobby or hatred, and—as Dick Swiveller would say—"that street is closed up." And when personal knowledge is so hard to get, when we and our children have an estranging big city system to combat, how can we afford to close up good streets?

After all, the short-time students are normal children, and we are only to introduce them to things which normal people always enjoy, or dislike and take sides on, or at all events have thots about. It is a sad necessity that they must go into the world so soon. Still two years may not be too short a time to give them an introduction to the technique of finding out things, and to the happy faculty of enjoying them. Meantime our Esau must be met on his own ground. Only so can we guide him to higher ground and wider vision.

THE PROGRAM AS PROJECT

ONCE upon a time, far from your kitchen and mine, a young cook demurred at throwing away the batter into which the kitten had fallen, "because" (so she said) "all that kitty touched stuck to her." Is not this notion, inadmissible as to the kitchen, one of the chief corner-stones of the Project idea? Any means, however skillful, will enable but a limited quantity of any course thus to touch and stick. An interesting scheme, however, which calls in the aid of association, may often help the student to organize an otherwise—to him—incoherent course. The program based on a course in English has both strong and weak points as a project, but in my experience it has justified itself as a unifying influence.

One high-school course which I fear I enjoy giving more than the children do taking, is what we call English Six. In this semester we read Burke and do our work in Argumentation. We also study metrical forms, and, since fourth-year English has become elective in some courses, we have been reading one Shakespeare play, lest the

students miss this important feature entirely. There is never any trouble about interest in the play. The debating, too, goes well, but it is hard for the classes to escape the usual tradition as to the unpleasantness of the Burke study. In considering this course with a view to program making, I have never included the Shakespeare work, but it would form in itself an excellent unit of study from the stage point of view, not in the same quarter, say, with the late Eighteenth-century program. There is no such remoteness to the debating work and a short debate between two can be well introduced into such a program.

The chief part of my English Six programs has usually been material contemporary with Burke. I once had a discussion worked up between Johnson and Burke about the American tax-question, the Johnson side coming, of course, from "Taxation, No Tyranny." This debate was left off the program, the first one I ever gave in Sixth Term, because a school event involving several of my Sixes caused us to shorten our program time, but I think it would have been effective. The whole of the program follows, and each number had a good measure of success with the audience.

The visible part of this particular program had the same relation to the rest which the submerged

portion of an iceberg has to the showy part. What only I fully appreciated about it was that it was class production made up by difficult but finally successful coöperation. I had at first called the division giving it my incommensurable incompatibles, for the division suffered both from a lack of average students, and from a seemingly hostile spirit between some of the most noticeable members of the class. I suspect that there was some secret society or class politics feud, for "frats" and sororities were smouldering in the school at that time, unacknowledged but present. This spirit appeared in what I thought unduly acrimonious discussion following debates, but we had good chairmen, and they rose to these occasions. Still, I thot a long time before deciding what would unite, only sufficiently unite, this heterogeneous class for the less contentious part of their course, and my final idea was our program.

In the Burke reading I had felt more than usual that the weak ones were relying on others for their briefs, and this made me wish to take the class into some altogether new field. With this in mind I brought to class and issued for home reading such things as Boswell, "Taxation, No Tyranny," "Rasselas," Irving's "Life of Goldsmith," Sheridan and Goldsmith plays, Fanny

Burney's stories, Macaulay's essay about her, and for easy reading "The Jessamy Bride," "Peg Woffington" (I think), Austin Dobson's Eighteenth Century Vignettes and short stories and sketches by Mr. Moore, especially including "Georgian Pageant." We later had a little music, and some pretty colored copies of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits, and some Gainsboroughs, but didn't really do much with them at that time. (Piano and violin music and songs of this period are easy to get, and there are some good Victor records, which help out the beginning of the program.) The students browsed over this material about two weeks, keeping notebook records, and were to pick out good program material. We had many suggestions that we could not follow for lack of time, but finally had our project down to scale, using no picture material, and reducing the music to solos, because the class proved to be well supplied with voices. Our musical choices had great success and the well-known ballad, "Auld Robin Gray" was so dramatic in its climax that the accompanist sat down with tears in her eyes. This little triumph did much for the young singer, who had not loved her Burke's Conciliation. Our tenor, who sang "To all ye ladies now on land," would presumably have gone on indefi-

nitely repeating this song and the "White Cockade" as encores, but for the inter-school track-meet, which followed the program. Our songs came from "Pan Pipes" (London, Novello and Co. Second edition. George Routledge and Sons.) The Walter Crane illustrations in this pretty book gave us easy suggestions for such additions to ordinary clothes as would give us an atmosphere. The program was given in a science lecture-room, with no stage, and with only such properties as a little pretty china, a home-spun antique table cover, a sampler framed as a tea-tray, and some easy effects as to knee-trousers, "Steenkirks," caps, hats, and fichus. The girls assembled for their "scandalous dialog" and sipped tea and dealt cards. The same setting served for the Teazel scenes, with the addition of some flowers for Lady Teazel, and we had no outdoor setting. The boys wanted at first to get old pistols for the duel, but we decided to incur no expense, and the anachronism of what Jack Absolute calls cat-pistols seemed to arouse no criticism. The programs and invitations to the other English Six divisions free at the time were typed by a student who was already off at training camp when the program was given; and thither our very hale and hearty Sir Peter presently followed.

The song "All ye ladies now on land" had for us the special interest that one of our "incompatibles" who had gone with an ambulance unit, had just been heard from that day, and we rejoiced that his ship had not been lost by "Dutchmen or by Wind."

I had wanted a setting for this program, but the class did not have any inspirations. In this respect I was somewhat disappointed in the program as a cement for the separate features of the term's work. As a socializing effort, however, it was a success. Fellow-students and members of the class families were there, a small but cordially appreciative group, and the smallness of the hall made everything intimate and friendly. All the wit found instant response; present mirth had present laughter; I had had one or two cold moments about the songs, particularly the quavering old tune, "Contented wi' little an' cantie wi' mair." Its cadences had been so unexpected to the really musical girl who sang it, that she had had to sing them to me more than once, over the telephone, to see if she were practicing them correctly. She did them in a way that the author would surely have enjoyed, and she fairly crowed over "My luve she's but a lassie yet." This was the program:

Songs: "All ye ladies" and "White Cockade."

Scenes from SHERIDAN:

("Scandal")

1. Mrs. Candor, Lady Sneerwell and Maria sit down to cards.

2. Sir Peter Teazel objects to his wife's florist's bill.

("Rivals")

3. Bob Acres, influenced by Sir Lucius O'Trigger, sends a challenge.

4. The Ladies interested in the duellers hear the news.

5. Jack Absolute's father, Sir Anthony, hears of it, and puts a stop to such doings.

Scotch Songs:

"Contented wi' Little" (Burns). "Auld Robin Gray" (Lady Lindsay).

Reading:

Garrick's Leading Lady Plays a Joke.

Scotch Songs:

"But a Lassie Yet" (Burns). "Loch Lomond."

My beloved Incommensurables did, during this task, find a common factor, and seemed to get the good of each other's strong points. There was a relaxation of the feeling of tension which had worried me earlier in the year, and the course closed with something new in my experience. So-

cialized recitations were new in the school, and there was then no precedent for last recitations, as there may be now, so I was pleasurablely disconcerted when the class passed what seemed a really hearty vote of thanks to the teacher for the interest and profit of the course. Even the next year, when I had gone to another school, I had an echo of the last era of good feeling in my 1916 English Six. I was taking a walk on the edge of town, thinking of anything rather than Burke and his friends, when a dashing motorcycle passed, reconsidered, and came back. It was J., one of my last term's Sixes. He had barely reported the Forum and Congress Literary Societies, when he broke out excitedly, "Say! Didn't M., in our English Six, volunteer last April, and shouldn't he be on the service flag?" He had and he ought, and the motorcycle boy vowed that he would see to it, seeming to feel indignant at a want of consideration to his one-time rival, not to say enemy. Later seeing me on the street car, he came and told me all about the illness which had occasioned M.'s honorable discharge. I confess to being as glad J. cared as I was sorry M. had been ill. Tho' the change toward cooperation came from forces within the class, I thought of the whole thing as one more proof that when people work well together they will come to un-

derstand and value each other, and thus democracies will stand. A big conclusion from small data. . . . Personally I felt like Cæsar on a summer evening in his tent, the day he overcame the Nervii.

In a very different class of the same grade, I once had similar programs worked up with a setting. The scene was at Sir Joshua Reynolds', and several of his youthful models figured among the literary and musical people. This class contained a good "Miss Bowles" and "Penelope Boothby," and a miraculous "Strawberry Girl."

A quaint Fourteenth Century program was given by an English Seven division of mine; that is, a division taking the first half of the Survey of English literary history. The scene was of course the Tabard Inn, tho a sameness pervaded the showy silverware of that famous hostel; for the plate did in fact consist entirely of different styles of Soldan trophy cups, and the big Yale Bowl for which the schools here compete. There was a general scheme, white, blue and silver, which lighted up prettily. Lady Eglantine's extremely small hound was white, too, and he, with two borrowed small children gave a less school-like effect to the stage. The curtain rose on a group of thirty singing, "Summer is icumen in," as a three-part round with two violins and a "lute."

The last feature, the Shepherds' Play, with a Teddy-bear sheep was bereft of one of its comic motifs, but it was plenty funny enough. For the last feature before the curtain went down, the class sang the religious words to the song with which they had begun. A serious and good piano accompaniment had been discovered by one of the girls in the preceding number of the "Etude," and we used this. While the Tabard Inn group were clearing up and making ready for their next recitation, a former student of much musical promise sang us "Love me little, love me long" and "Come hither, love, to me." The miracle-play seems to have been the most popular feature of this program, but the general air of energetic participation was also much noticed by the older members of the audience.

When I think of program projects that I have used among younger students, I always remember my "Two Cities" group, and the experience which started them off. Some years ago, I had in a small school a first-term class of forty, containing about twelve boys whom the Scripture would describe as having a dumb devil. They were not stupid, but were at the awkward age, and, I think, all had more or less disrespectful nicknames; Fat and Red were among them, and the slowest one of the number went under the

name of Dynamite. I conceived the idea of liberating the pent-up forces of this group by giving them something particularly noisy to do at a literary-society meeting. I did not like to think of the task, for (damaging tho the admission be) my voice had given out that year, and I was to avoid coaching. As it turned, tho, this was a new kind of coaching. They took the idea with some enthusiasm; I mean only the idea of giving something in public, not my missionary purpose. We chose two scenes from *Treasure Island*, dramatized in Simonds' and Orr's collection. I still find unfailingly amusing my recollections of our practice time. The pirates would as they said, whack thru the scene, and then vault off the stage and swarm back to my perch in the rear, firing out questions like machine guns: "How'd she go that time?" "Could you hear Red?" "D'I go like a parrot?" "Have we gotta smoke coffee?" "Sure, Jen. She told you the school board wouldn't stand for reg'lar smokes." "Dynamite got in front of Fat this trip." And so it went. The strain on my voice was slight. Another memory is connected with the camp fire. I had gone out to dinner, one snowy evening, and was called to the door by my quiet wireless enthusiast. He had been struck with an idea about the camp fire, and had sought me up hill and

down dale to communicate it. My hostess was touched by the stocky little figure and earnest face, and invited the child in to the fireplace, where some Filipino curios hung. The incident ended by mine host's offering us the use of these; not because they were particularly correct, but because they looked strange and foreign. Our camp fire was unique. It was to flicker of course, but no prosaic alternating current for us! There was a wired board with many bulbs, all of whose wires were interrupted by hooks and staples. From each hook two strings lay along the floor, one passing through the staple, to the hand of a reclining buccaneer; the red one opened, the white one closed a main. With these strings each fire guardian wiggled his light and forgot his embarrassment. When the scene ended with the roaring chorus of "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest," I was sure that the dumb devils were gone out. Later my pirates were humbly delighted to have their scene chosen by the principal as a feature of a benefit entertainment.

The other experience, a term later, brot in the whole class to which the Treasure Island group belonged, and they were all prominent in it. This class was reading "Two Cities," and conceived the (to me) distressing idea of dramatizing it, and giving a performance for two ob-

jects: half to go to the grade penny lunches, and half to pay class expenses thru the rest of their four years' course. Each of these ideas seemed to me crazier than the other, but each was realized; with my at length hearty coöperation, they made a reasonably well-selected set of scenes, and they made enough money to pay a coach from outside, contribute generously to the penny lunches and a Thanksgiving offering for the city poor, and furthermore, they put into the bank the sum which they afterwards, as juniors, used for their supper for the seniors.

Every one took part in some way, the Carmagnole and the songs between the acts giving scope for some who did not finally "make" a speaking part. One of our principal characters moved away just before the time set for the performance, but "our play" was so well socialized that there was no trouble in filling his place. One small—perhaps not so small—break occurred in the performance before the students, and none in the evening play. The afternoon slip was simply that Madam Defarge's demise took place a second or two before its cause; the amiable gunman in the wings was so interested in the struggle that he forgot to fire his cartridge.

I had to leave this class at the end of the semester containing "Our Play" and saw the class only

during occasional visits. I am informed that the time spent on this enterprise and the fact that their own ideas went into it, reacted favorably on the class. They missed certain composition work which I had expected to give them, but the manuscripts of the dramatization were good, and in some cases the first really good, neat work done by the writers during their high-school course.

Perhaps we are all liable to a Pardiggly trait of attributing things we make children do to the free will of the young victims. Our Edmund contributes his whole allowance to the Fiji Mission, our Robert loves to write these themes which we exact from him, our Emily reads eighteenth century things in cold blood, and so following. I sometimes undergo a slight shock when I overhear a frank remark about some ancient, illustrious person whom I had thot the speaker rather liked. But these program projects have been, as who should say, automobile things; once cranked up they have gone along like the modest little Ford. They may not have amounted to much from an æsthetic point of view, but there was no doubt about their motive power. At this distance, I am thankful for my incapacity of voice which—at the time of the dramatization last described—did prove to me that in this idea I am not a Mrs. Pardiggle, but that “my little family”

did these things themselves, and swept me along. This fact, so far as it goes, speaks well of the program as a project.

The spontaneous character which such enterprises tend to take on has often some unexpected and good by-product. (It may also have some troublesome by-products, as any teacher will testify who does not like to be disturbed outside hours.) I was surprised at one such unexpected result, after my last program, but now it seems as natural as daylight. My discovery is that programs may help cases of stammering. I had a stammering, intelligent boy in a class giving this program, and did not consider giving him a part; that was not the way it worked. His part was unexpected but it has helped him, I am sure, for I now have him again in a class in argumentation, and he has gained much in confidence. His part was simply an unexpected emergency call to be stage electrician. The wiring was to have been done the night before the performance, but by an accident it was not, and we found the stage blank and bare when we came that morning. Thereupon arose my stammering boy and several other of the noblest Romans of them all, and filled the gap. Like Joshua the son of Nun, they "Never did stop till the work was done," tho they must have been hungry, not to say tired, before the bell

rang for the program to begin. The stop-gap recitation which I had coached hastily, to fill a possible delay, was not required, for N. and his colleagues and younger assistants were ready on the moment. Never had such calm and connected discourse fallen from N's lips as when he gave orders to the small helpers, and when he explained some intricacies to his teacher, whose electrical knowledge is yet in an early Elizabethan stage. This anecdote is offered to teachers specializing in nervous cases. Perhaps the experimental apparatus is awkward, like burning down the house to roast the pig, but improvements may be made in the apparatus. And, anyway, N. doesn't stutter much in his English class now; he is an excellent chairman, and he has debated successfully.

I grant that the play is not the thing for all purposes. But there are unifying properties about almost any program, even one arranged wholly by the teacher, like a recent benefit my classes gave for a rehabilitation fund. This I arranged myself with a view to effectiveness rather than literary values. The part of my first year commercial children in this program was to give what they called their Cosette and Gavroche "plays"; little scenes which merited no such title. These scenes stirred them greatly, both before and since the program; in fact even now,

when the classes have broken up and scattered to other teachers. "I saw them Gavroche and Cosette pictures last night," says one former student, going on to mention some of the Jean Valjean incidents, but seeming to feel that they were but incidental. "Was it true?" asked a little girl from this group. "Did Eponine and Azelma grow up to be thieves?" And when I told her about Eponine's death (the audience had grown) I remember our small, frisky Eponine and Azelma, at first subdued and then cheering up quickly, when Zelma said: "There, you see, dear, you *are* a dead one after all." More than a term has now passed, and yet, when we foregather, Gavroche forgets to be shy, and gives us the dazzling smile with which whilom he flouted Public Order, and entertained his guests at the Elephant. And the girls will recall how our cautious cat disliked the looks of the descending curtain, escaped from Eponine and all but vaulted off into the orchestra. ("Oh, my God! The cat!" I heard, in a whispered shriek, from the wings.) But happily the curtain descended in time. Sometimes students of an older date have their reminiscences about the shrewd days and evenings which we have passed thru, as comrades in a dramatic venture; such times as the dress-rehearsal when the heavy window-sash broke, fell and made "sad

characteries" upon the brows of three leading people, and when the noble martyrs ran blithely over to the clinic across the street, were patched and embroidered, and came back that night to go thru with their parts. Any coach will have dozens of such recollections, and will have noticed the social effect of these experiences.

One must not claim too much for any sort of project, but a program is not only a string to tie the course together, but more than that; it is a bond between the class and the teacher, a bond that is not soon broken.

SPECIAL SIX

Smoking flax shall he not quench

WHY do about one-third of the students, prepared in our various secondary schools fail in your freshman Composition courses? What shall they do to be saved? Where do you think we could make remedial changes?" These perplexing questions were recently put by an old girl to teachers of English in a leading Eastern college. The first question was seemingly easy to answer, but not so the others. In the opinion of most of the instructors interviewed, the main trouble with the failing freshmen is a lack of clearness in style and a consequent—or perhaps a contributory—failure to organize material. Some realized that this lack is only another name for muddled thinking, a deep-seated and widespread complaint. Is it not like the spider who putteth forth her hands and is in kings' palaces? Do we not sometimes catch ourselves in a non-sequitur? Do not even greater authorities, if such there be—— But I am going too far. All

I meant to say is that I wonder if there are enough honest men to hang the rogues.

Asking questions and jeering at the answers would be a poor way to get anywhere in dealing with this question. The college teachers are as much interested in it as we in the high-schools, and we ought doubtless to exchange experiences, especially successful ones. Our school has had some success in dealing with this problem, as it has come up in our bailiwick. Our *Special Six* is—so far as our city is concerned—an institution peculiar to Yeatman High-school, and not yet five years old. The teachers who planned it, into whose labors I am entering this year, do not imagine that the idea is yet fully worked out. We admit the justice of the criticism that our students, even those who go to college, are too often muddle-headed. If we thought that this released us from responsibility we should be like a physician who should say: "The trouble with you, Sir, is that you are sick." Or like a preacher who says: "This state of things is all due to Adam's original Sin." Accepting responsibility as to this weakness, or this perversity, does not mean accepting all the responsibility. I submit that remedies must be applied thruout the course. We must not think that the children may be mad north northwest and know a hawk from a hand-

saw in all other circumstances. Mathematics, Science, History must all do their part to keep the young minds from running too wild; but after all we must do our part. And we at our school are trying to devise all the means we can to make our Special Six help our seniors weak in expression. They are not unworthy of the best we can do for them. Many of them can think clearly when we let them alone and don't mix them up; and others can be taught a small and humble approach to the technique of thinking.

During my questioning pilgrimage, last summer, I spent a day visiting a technical high-school and talking with the head of the department of English. He shed light on one phase of it. The point which he made has little directly to do with a special course in English for seniors. The connection is indirect, but so real that I have thought of it again and again during the past year while giving Special Six for the first time. Mr. M. said he was sure that the failure of our students after they leave us often comes from mistrust of good success. "We love these children and understand them," he said, "and when they go from us to a place where little attention can be paid to them, they grow discouraged, and think their instructors are hard on them." "And what do you do about this?" I asked hopefully. He said

that this school corresponded with pupils who were failing in English, had interviews with them when that was practicable, and often found it possible to help them to a better orientation. The part of this which I have remembered often is the theory that lack of confidence is often the chief difficulty with the student who seems awkward in expression. Thinking of this, I have noted more than usual the behavior of our young Marlowes. Their awkwardness is the outward and visible sign of an inward perturbation; a feeling that whatever they write is going to be the wrong thing. If they look as if they want to escape from the class-room, as if they were praying for the bell to ring—that is just because they really are thinking these inglorious thots; and if they continue to feel this way it is going to be our fault, for we must see that the orientation is better. If I can do that I shall be helping some of them thru the freshman English next year, and doing no less service to the larger number who will finish their school life this year.

Our problem would be simple if we had only the Young Marlowe, college-freshman type to think of, for he gets another chance to correct his errors and strengthen his weak points. We lose a deal of credit because he fails, but the incurring of criticism is a small and personal matter to a

teacher in comparison with some other things. Besides him we have at least two other types of students, children not destined to go farther than high school, and much in need of help. I shall not include the foreign-born student here because he is in a class by himself, is often not at all weak in language-powers, but merely inexperienced in English and learning rapidly. My two classes of really problematic students are those who naturally go too slowly for coöperation with others, and those who go too fast to get anything really thoroly done. The first find it almost impossible to stand examinations or any other test, including a certain amount of speed. The others stand as badly in a test of any sort for the opposite reason: they write a great deal but in Gratio's proportion of wheat to chaff. With both of these I confess to finding it difficult on occasions not to Boss, but to remember always to Teach. Whenever I do for a moment forget and act like a section-boss instead of a farmer, I find that I have wasted instead of saving time.

To take up first the slow and phlegmatic student; I believe we are every year surprised with the development of several of this type. They are not illiterate. They are often efficient enough in lines which students prize and teachers undervalue. I remember the glee with which one of

these, just returned from tank service, told me that another former teacher would be the next person he went to see: "You can just bet I'm going to see Miss S. with my uniform on" (it had certain insignia besides the shoulder-straps), "for she probably still thinks I'm a nut." These really rather solid students would be hopelessly depressed by being put into Special Six had not a few excellent students each term elected the course, without credit, for the sake of getting more work in composition than the required courses offer. This fact makes the atmosphere of the class less heavy than it would otherwise be. The "slow-and-steadys" begin everything on too large a scale, at first, and seldom finish anything. This can be shown to be a constitutional matter, not a piece of thrifty student-management; dwelling on what they know so as to have no time for the things they do not know. Occasionally the reason for the extreme deliberation of such a student is a truly creditable one, comparable to Sentimental Tommie's reason for being late with his theme. However, it is a "great and terrible world"; it is more terrible here, perhaps, than in the country of Kim's Lama. The one who cannot hurry on occasion will lose much that is desirable; and tho I think more and more that the type I am describing is a fine type of

youth, I do devise certain sorts of work to be done against time, and I take the liberty of discussing the scale on which a certain task can be done in a given time. The students respond to this, and get a certain amount of speed; but here I have to be almost painfully careful to keep out of sight and not nag. I know all the time that my deliberate Special is looking up to some talkative, confident chum who never has specific trouble with his English, but who "has no thots of any kind" as the little Rebecca Rowena said. We lately had a very typical case of the sort I am trying to describe. He was highly valued by the student body for his ability in several branches of athletics. He was thotful and reliable on the field, rather than showy, and he suffered from a plentiful lack of glibness and conceit in his classes. This was a handicap to him in another line besides English, but he took Special Six extra, learned a little speed, and finished his course with his class after all. "I was very up-and-down with Mr. So-and-So," said in times past his teacher in the other branch in which he never volunteered. "I told him he was surely going to fail if he didn't pick up." "How did he take it?" I asked with great interest. "Why," said my colleague, blushing comprehensively and becomingly. "Well, the fact is he really acted as if he was

going to cry. He did really. It was very embarrassing to me. I wish they wouldn't do so." Well, so do we teachers of Special Six. We realize, for it is our business to, that it is rather easy to reduce adolescents to tears, but to thaw them out to a just sufficient degree of coherent glibness—*hic labor, hoc opus est!* Our embarrassing boy learned to stand and deliver, however, and he wrote an excellently planned final paper and, in short, is now one of the least of all our embarrassments.

Before going on to the harder problem of the inconsequent student, let me stop and perhaps pound on the pulpit cushions for a moment. I do want to ask the young teacher, to lay it upon her Conscience, to conjure her not to beat too fast a time for the large slow natures which she has to deal with. Think how tired, how unnecessarily tired it makes you to have to take the pace of some one else. Getting to the destination is important, but may not some latitude be allowed as to the pace? Regarding what our accurate, deliberate friends out in the world accomplish, none of us who move quickly would presume to hurry them up. They have whipped themselves into an appreciation of railroad and dinner engagements, no doubt, and beyond a few things like these, why is our rate of speed better than theirs?

Sometimes (I fear I am cracking the wind of my phrase), but sometimes these slow, large, trustworthy natures seem to me, compared with the volatile type (that stands so well the speed of our schools) like a grandfather-clock standing in a corner and smiling down upon a Seth Thomas alarm clock; a harmless, necessary but not noble-looking thing. It wouldn't be an improvement to put an alarm into a grandfather clock, would it?

Our embarrassing boy is not so bad. Our really inconsequent child is another matter. He-she will be saying in a few years: "I vote for Snooks because he's an old friend . . . because So-and-So gave him a raw deal and I feel sorry for him . . . because he's Phi Chi Psi . . . because my father was a Republican . . . because he has such a sweet little wife." That is the future which I dread for a former pupil of mine who was arguing a question then under discussion in St. Louis; that of segregating the Negro citizens into certain blocks. This child gave as a reason for segregation: "The bone of their noses are shaped different to what ours is." Youngsters capable of these nose-bone arguments are our real problems, and we do not straighten them out so much as I wish we might. Some of these loose thinkers would test out as high grade morons, hypermorons, just as some teachers and bank

presidents would. (I have this fact about bank presidents, scandalous as it sounds, from high authority.) However encouraging this mention of high society may sound, I hate to see my children travel that road tho in such good company. It is an indictment of our schools if children can scramble thru them with so little common sense. Our Special-Six results often show improvement in this type of children, and we hope that the change means a growth in methodical thinking.

One shade, or perhaps several shades better than the nose-bone arguers are the hare-brained, "fast-and-faulty" pupils whom we find in the net of our Sixth-term efficiency tests. For it is by a test, taken at the end of the third year, that we sift out our Specials. These skittish minds also suffer from being some way in the wrong tempo to go with the majority. Here, however, I have little scruple about interfering and setting a slower pace; because, much as the student may dislike the change, he soon sees that he gets better results if he goes more slowly and he sometimes even sees that he didn't get results at all in the old way. In my present class there are several students of this sort. One day I was about to send off some Shakespearean songs and had them out when this class came in, stopping to chat on

the way to their seats. A girl and boy, both musical, looked at the songs with unconcealed disfavor. I mean that they really looked at them, noting the time and probably getting a fair idea of the tunes, for they both are good accompanists. "Anyway," said the girl, with apparent friendly intention, "this one, 'O Mistress Mine,' would jazz real well." Her remark and the boy's evident concurrence strangely discouraged me. The songs were nothing so much. It was just the spirit of the remark, and the fact that these children of ours can tolerate (no, not tolerate, but really like) those later war songs that make Tipperary sound as dignified as Bach. I went home that night thinking: "That would jazz real well," and fearing that I was failing. This was not rational thot, but a symptom of oncoming illness during which I was pursued by one of my little jazz-girl's songs about Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip, and another about Kissing Angels or Chasing Rainbows or something. When the fever was over, and I was rid of the jostling, toe-stubbing rhythms, I fancied I had got hold of one end of an idea about J's jazz-rhythms. Were my ideas to her like hers to me? The poor child! Now I would fain shake hands with her, instead of shaking her as formerly I should have been content to do. Yes, it is right to hold back these young fidgets, and make them

give the why and wherefore, and call for second and third versions of merely careless work. But how it must go against them! "Kansas is full of criminals," one will say. "The returning soldiers to a man do thus-and-so," ventures another. All this is the sort of thing that jazzes real well, and what a cross to put it into the teacher's slow and methodical tempo! I feel for the young mind, full of alarums and impetuous excursions, but it must learn to march slowly enough for safety.

The exact material given in English Six Special differs with different classes and teachers. My class this term has shown some general likenesses to my specials described earlier, tho there are exception to every generalization I might draw. Pure carelessness, or pure wilfulness, has landed several able pupils in this class, and their cases need no discussion. They help out in starting new branches of work, usually do things cheerfully, and leaven the class a great deal, but of course they are not getting much except the discipline of doing a few things which they have so far escaped doing. So far as I know I have only two students, girls, who elected the course. Our general lines of work have been: reading aloud, taking a small amount of dictation, clipping articles and handing them in with outlines, making out-

lines from matter read aloud (this has been especially emphasized), condensing descriptions and explanations, giving oral topics, debating, and writing themes one or two days after making outlines for them. The themes are almost all on current topics, and a good number of the students take the *Literary Digest* for class purposes. For Literature work we read every one for himself about fifty pages a week, and the choice is very wide. One student had Dumas and either Emerson or Pope in hand at the same time. In another class I understand choices varied from Dante to Mary Antin.

There has been in my class only one piece of reading for every one; we did a short study of "Twelfth Night" for reading aloud purposes. Here, as in my class of younger specials, the parts done emphatically in class were remembered, and those prepared otherwise seem to have left but faint impressions. A girl from another division left her luncheon once to run over to my table and say: "Do you know, that remark of Maria's about throwing things at Malvolio seems to me funnier and funnier. Here I was going home with a girl who hadn't read the play, and she said just the same thing about a—you know, a kind of a goody boy. I guess," she said sweetly, "it's because we know we couldn't hit 'em that

we feel so." Two girls from the special class were with the enthusiast, and I asked one: "Do you remember that remark?" She confessed that she didn't. It happened that we had not read that scene in class. The reading aloud has improved, and some students have shown excellent judgment in the articles which they have brot. The choice has ranged from articles in *Life* and *Judge*, and things of the *Dere Mable* stamp, thru various short *Atlantic* articles, to serious editorials which could be head-lined and afterwards tabulated.

The work in tabulating, to which the History courses taken by most were a great help, has hardly been popular, but the purpose has been understood and visible progress has resulted, even in the case of the least methodical minds. The latter began, in some cases, by bringing clippings that defied outlining; some were from the Letters-From-The-People departments of newspapers, and were confused, full of repetitions, and generally impossible. Ripping those to pieces on the blackboard was an impersonal and prophylactic proceeding which helped this part of our work.

The special topics and yet more the debates were at first a heavy cross to my Special Sixes. The first topic of the season was given by a lad who had previously not cared to drink when he

was "led to water." Perhaps, tho, great shyness had brot him into my flock, and he may have been blameless. On this occasion he rose slowly, looked confidently at his audience, heard a giggle from his chum, and sat down precipitately. I didn't help him a bit, tho my intentions were good. In fact, I said interferingly: "You can give this to-morrow if you'd rather." But S. was already slowly rising, with visible pulse in his neck, and the veins on his forehead showing. "I won't do it to-morrow; I'll do it to-day," he answered unemphatically, but almost devoutly. He did it with complete success, and after this other people were less timid.

Not only were the debates difficult, but even presiding at them was at first an ordeal. I almost had to conduct the first one myself. At the close of the period, on the day before this first debate, I asked a responsible, obliging youngster: "Would you be willing to preside for us to-morrow?" "No, Ma'am," answered W. politely but finally, and left me gasping. I had a sudden sense of being Pardiggly. I had perchance expected too much voluntary activity on the part of my little family. But it wasn't so bad. L., of the Choral Club, hastened back and volunteered to preside, and next day conducted the voting for the future chairmen and women, and must have seen to it

that W. was elected for the next week. W. himself lingered in evident distress to say: "I thot yesterday I couldn't do that." He did it well enough, with a gentler technique than a future chairman; this one, during a debate by four girls, quelled a slight noise on the boy's side with a wrathful "Shut up!" "I know we're just feeling our way," said one of the girls after this debate, "and I suppose you'll remember our trading-stamp debate; but I want to learn how to do just this." (She hopes to be a Domestic Science teacher, and must lecture, methodically and clearly.)

Before the disbanding of this class, I am hopeful of seeing and hearing some of them on the school stage. So far they have begun each new thing with misgivings and then found it possible. Perhaps this, too, will be possible. They are not like another division I have, containing the girl who doubts her ability to hit even goody boys. This girl and her colleagues are always "exploding" into some new activity, always in a state of spontaneous combustion. My specials, many of them no less likely to be successful in the big world, are, in this matter of expression, more like a smouldering or smoking flame. I am not sure that my class is going to kindle this up from the inside, but I sometimes have my hopes that I am

giving the fire a draft, and that it may burn up more brightly.

LATER. At the time of writing this, I can report that the flax has burned up with sufficient clearness to light us all through the examination set by the department. We have all "passed" and have had a happy day over it. All day, at intervals, the students have been coming back for the proof-read papers, and really looking them over, not merely asking for their grades. The "Do-it-to-day boy" took his to the teacher under whom he failed, and she was as pleased as he was. My eccentric J., in whom I have often wanted to make slight alterations of tempo (a work which I am now so glad that I have let alone) heartened me up by his contribution to the students' remarks about the course. They all, by the way, if they say anything at all about it, confess that they needed it, and benefited by the drill. But J. said: "This was the class of the whole day. I liked it. I looked forward to it. You can talk your own way here." There is perhaps something a little dubious about the sound of this remark, but I know J., and understand what he meant. He must, in the long run, go ahead in his own way. He must overcome any tendency to bad grammar, because he will blur his meaning if he undertakes to express it ungrammatically. He knows

that. And all that he takes from a printed book, and all that we forcibly feed him, may desert him at need, because it is too remote from "his way." J. is trying to improve his way, but holding tightly to it, because he needs it; it is inalienable. His teacher wishes nothing better than to help John, to help all of the Young Marlowes, to talk well, "in their own way."

LAST WORD

GOOD wine needs no bush, and a good play no epilog. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes, it is said, and to a report which (like its subject, the school-child) is never finished, perhaps a woman may be allowed a last word. One can as well keep the child clad, shod and fed up to date as to keep a report of him up to the minute. We can't mount him on a pin and mark once for all his genus and species, for, thank Heaven, he is still alive and growing and what's to come is still unsure. Our most earnest attempt to catalog him results but in a Nice Derangement of Epitaphs; doesn't it? I had W. pretty well in mind. I taught him, or went thru the motions, six days in the week. His languid, drawling tones, and the quaint remarks which used to set the Bible-class in a roar, weren't they all written in my memory? And so, too, the mild, thin face, which contradicted his record for fights. And then he became one of the heroes of the Shaw, and I remembered how considerately he had explained to my feminine comprehension: "Yes, I

hated to lick that fellow, him being our preacher's son and his dad and mine as thick as thieves. But it had to be, so I did it." There was perhaps no contradiction between the kindliness and the pugnacity. It was just a difference in situation, and the same principle; submarines, torpedoes, collision, instead of the minister's son, but a clear duty, and courage to do it. There is always fresh evidence on my hundredth sheep. It is difficult to get thru with him.

It is just the same with the special experiments, like the program, given for some social purpose. These projects are always on hand, and new ideas occur to the children so constantly that one can hardly keep up. We are to give a sort of farewell party to our two-year commercials, who simply cease out of the school, with no graduation or special recognition. My first-termers and second-termers give the program. I understand that the Swiss playlet given by the "babies" may have mountains made of our lunch-room tables, stools, and such small gear. The second-termers, mostly small boys, who have been reading Julius Cæsar, proposed to collect the Latin department togas, and give the assassination and the funeral scenes. "But, to kill a noble Roman at a party—?" I protested mildly, when the honorable men broached the subject. "Aw, let us!" coaxed they. "We'll

get rubber daggers at the five-and-ten. We won't hurt anything." In fact, having gone so far in slaughter, they want to finish with Cinna, the Poet. Fie upon this quiet life! They want work.

One could not say quite that of the Special Sixes. And yet they do work, and one gets new lights on them. One who was contentedly ignorant of most practical applications of Grammar, was suddenly convinced that it made some difference. So behold him, on a hot night, coming to my house with his questions and a brick of ice-cream. His efforts were heart-warming. He made sentence-diagrams. This lad has done what I hoped he might do; has tried his voice in public, and was one of our Victory Loan speakers. Perhaps that motivated the grammar. I am pleased, when I look at his V button, to think how little he has learned from me. He has worked everything out himself. I believe no one could take him where he didn't want to go, but nothing will keep him back when he starts. Another good thing is that my little Jazz girl was able to answer clearly when I asked her what was the matter with her last paper. She said she had taken too big a subject (The Peace of Tilsit!), and realized that she didn't know enough about it to make it clear and interesting. Her mind seems to be getting down a little to the ordinary speed limits.

My do-it-to-day boy is a clear and convincing speaker, in our little audience; "nothing so much to be esteemed as a learned man, but competently wise." An honorable opponent from another class can not talk him down unless he has the stronger evidence. Perhaps he and the Victory Loan speaker (who would not talk at all at first) may have been the victims of premature destructive criticism; for a smashing criticism of some poor thing but our own has this silencing effect on some of us, and why not then on less mature people? One may have to prune the aimless sprouts from the good-sized plant, but that does not mean beginning in March and snipping off the cotyledons. Another thing for which I thank Heaven fasting is that nobody in this class has ever tried in an argument to suppress a fact. The very "nose-bone" people are as honest as daylight. "That statement is—well really that's a kind of important point my opponent made. I think I can answer it in a minute, but I must get it straightened out a little first." This was said by A. who seemed at first full of prejudices and snap-judgments. And here is R., risking his place in the lunch room, to tell his teacher: "I been reading the other side. They sure got the dope. You have to hand it to 'em." And my Court-martial girls twittering over their magazine, exchange re-

marks like: "O girl! Take that *Collier*. It's swell for your side!" "And we've got the *Sunday Post* that has your side." Of course these debates had no judges' decisions, tho the class voted on them. Perhaps that fact more than pure zeal for truth may have made this generosity possible, but I believe they do think a great deal of the class vote.

Then, almost every line of thot brings me back to my Esaus. They are of course so numerous that there is almost always one of them in the offing. The treasuring of the note from Milton seemed too good to be repeated, but since then there have been two parallels; one was a reply to a note from Jean Christophe, much prized by a scientifically minded lad who loves his mother, but—well, has a different focus from hers upon the religious teaching of his childhood. Then, tho it seems a thousand miles from H's orderly, pleasant capable mother to F's womanless home, I am reminded of F's bit of "The Everlasting Yea." Not many miles from the school where I taught F. is a section of hopeless-looking territory subject to overflow from the Mississippi, but itself overflowing with even stronger waters. Here F's father kept a saloon, and tried faithfully to bring up his motherless children. When F., who was the oldest, left us, he wanted to study Pharmacy,

but his father needed him to tend bar. F. was woefully disappointed, and so were his teachers, but it didn't do to say much about it. I let Carlyle give him my opinion, and put it safely into his notebook. (This seems a blind way to direct a letter, but I suppose such a letter reaches its destination at the psychological moment if at all. If the student's mind has gone back to school, certainly not otherwise, he gets it. If not, little time has been wasted, and one has escaped saying a word out of season.) F's letter arrived, for, long afterward, when I attended a confirmation with a school family, I saw a youthful face above the crowd, and was glad to see that it was F., with a very affirmative expression. He shook hands with me, saying heartily: "I found what you put into my book. That was good stuff—good stuff!"

Sometimes I too get letters, not from the departed Great, but—during a recent absence—from my "children." My Esaus wrote charming letters, telling frankly about their past experiences and their hopes for the future. N's letter set her most rich in youth before my eyes. This sparkling, small person walks as if she could hardly keep on the ground. She might pose for Silver-footed Thetis. But her mother, a widow, has run a little laundry for years, and N. must help her as soon as possible. (So many college girls are inferior

to N. in endowments.) But she must take our short course, earn a little in the lunch-room, and be out in the world before next Christmas. "Must" occurs often in her story. She is more cheerful, tho, than the old tragedians, who so affected it, and indeed sees no sadness in the future. "So I'm to be a stenographer," she ends, "and here goes for being the best stenographer in the world." Another letter is from J., who reads to the blind, and has won more than one newspaper prize for short articles. "I have always wanted to be a journalist," she writes. "But I do not see how I can go to college." And here is E's letter. She is a tall, delicate beauty who can invest a trip to a Kroger grocery with the charm of poetry. She worked, thru the influenza recess, at what the children call the rubber-plant. She worked on ladies' overshoes, and earned a good wage; "a great lift," she says, "for my father and mother." And this one which isn't written very well is from my thotful, ungrammatical T. He is rash with negatives, but loveth well both man and bird and beast; he is the kind of boy who picks up lame ducks, and does for them. I hope he will never meet with much unkindness. And this last one is from G., who writes about her childhood Saturdays. "We would go up on a hill and build tents and play Indians. We would

build a small stove and make a fire and roast potatoes. When everything was green, we would go out under a large tree and play king and queen. We had a white, flat stone which we used for a throne. Some of us would be pages and attendants, and stand around the throne, while others went and gathered flowers for the queen. Sometimes we would play fairies too." I think with satisfaction of this blue-eyed, dark-haired little fairy-queen. She is just the child to see the "wee folk, good folk, trooping all together." Sometimes, when she is far away from her white stone, I fancy these wee folk trooping thru the office window, along with the smell of the river willows. I hope they will not lead to any errors in her manuscript. We have tried to make her accurate so that she may be useful, but I think she will be happier, and therefore more efficient, for all the aid which her school days have given to her fancy and humor. It is good— isn't it?—that Fancy is bred in so many places, and that Humor, as well as sleep, is sore Labor's bath.

In thinking of Gretna, I see again that it is wrong to call pitying attention to our Esaus. It is like the proverbial crying because the ducks have to go barefoot. These children can perhaps teach us things that we haven't learned, for all our busy studying. Meantime, they are as happy as

anyone. They can "in litel thyng have suffis-
ance." They career about the corridors as much
like colts as the others. They crack their little
jokes like the rest. "Here are some bad grammar
I brang you," jibes a little girl, as she lays down
her sheet of confessions. These are scarlet sins
like: "I said *ain't* four times, and *busted*, and
Gee Whiz and *leave* for *let*. I don't guess I hear
it when I say *lay* for *lie*." No, we needn't weep
over the Esaus and the Specials; we need only
work over them. Perhaps it is necessary also, to
like them. If we once start them, they will con-
tinue. In the words of an old grammarian, whom
they will never need to know, if they "lerne glad-
ly and commende yt dylygently to (their) mem-
oryes, of this begynnyng (they) shall procede
and growe to parfyte Lyterature." And, to trans-
late another ancient colleague: "Thru this same
Literature, there shall be a growth of Justice and
Happiness in human relations."

Dictation Exercises

GRIZZLED PETER

ARRANGED FROM LABOULAYE'S FAIRY-TALES

GRIZZLED PETER and his wife are fond of each other, but formerly they were like other happy couples in this respect; each felt overworked, and each thought the other had an easy time of it. Neither one wanted to change this, but each wanted the other to appreciate it.

Grizzled Peter is a farmer in Norway. His farm is cut out on the bias and slopes up behind the house and down in front. This is a little hard on his live-stock, but they seldom meet with any accidents. One time the cow did,—but that comes later in the story. When Peter's baby is old enough to go to school and confirmation-class, he can start at the front door and roll all the way down to school. Peter's farm-house, which holds on for dear life upon this long slant, has a gently-sloping, grassy, thatched roof, all weighted down with stones. Under the house is a cool cellar,

where Peter's wife keeps beer of her own brewing. Outside there is a well, and farther off a barn, where they keep the cow and try to keep the pig, —but the pig does so like to come into the kitchen! Peter always used to blame his wife when that happened, but now he knows better.

One day both these good people put the wrong foot out of bed, as folks say in Norway, and were very cross at breakfast. Peter groaned over his harvesting, and his wife complained sharply about her many and various house-keeping tasks. Each blamed the other for being discontented, and finally Mrs. Peter said: "Say, Peter! We'll change places to-day; I'll go harvesting and you can keep house." "All right!" cried Peter. "And after this perhaps you'll appreciate your poor husband." His wife made no reply, but went off to the fields singing like one of the larks which she saw far up in the bright sky.

Peter didn't sing, but he began cheerfully to churn the cream which his wife had set out. It was an easy task for him, altho it made him warm and thirsty. By and by he went down into the cellar for some beer, and was just taking the spigot out of a barrel to fill up his quart-can, when he heard a grunting and a banging above. "Oh, the pig!" Peter exclaimed. "My butter is lost and gone." Sure enough; when he burst

madly into the kitchen, he found the churn overturned, the room flooded with cream, and the pig feasting. Peter was so angry that he snatched off one of his heavy wooden shoes and gave the pig a blow upon the head that killed it instantly. This was a shock to Peter as well as to the pig, and it was several minutes before he remembered that he had left the beer running in the cellar. Wondering what his wife would say, he ran down and found the barrel empty. His quart-can was full, tho, and that was some comfort.

"Well, I must try again on the butter," he thot. "It's lucky there's plenty of cream." And when this second lot of butter was nearly done, he suddenly remembered that the cow hadn't been fed. On the way to the stable, he considered affairs in the kitchen, and thot that the baby might perhaps upset the churn during his absence. Returning to the kitchen, he fastened the churn upon his back, and went to the well to draw a bucket of water for the cow. The rope became tangled, and Peter stooped over to see what ailed it, when—splash! A stream of butter and milk poured over his head into the well, and the churn was again empty. Peter shook his head over the pail of white-looking water which he had to offer the cow, and so did she. "It's too late," he told her, "to take you to pasture, but there's plenty of blue-

grass growing on the roof, for we haven't had the goat up there for a long time. I'll put a board across from the ridge behind the house, and you can go over and eat the grass."

Peter couldn't stay with the cow, for it was long past the time to start the soup for his wife and the other reapers. He didn't want the cow to fall off the roof, so he tied one end of the clothes-line around her horns, dropped the other end down the chimney, and fastened this second end around his ankle. "Now," he thot, "she can't move around much without my knowing it." Then he put meat and vegetables into the soup-kettle, and was just touching off the fire when the cow slipped from the roof. As she went down, Peter went up; straight up the chimney, feet first. This was very embarrassing to both Peter and the cow, and both lifted up their voices and called for help.

Peter's wife, meantime, was tired of waiting for the soup, and had started for the house, sickle in hand. Seeing the cow hanging by her horns, in what our Physics teachers call a state of unstable equilibrium, she cut the rope, and, with one blow of her blade, landed the cow on the ground and Peter in the soup. Peter's sudden descent broke the soup-kettle, and dinner seemed far, far away when Mrs. Peter came into the

kitchen, and saw her husband sitting in the fireplace. She saw other things too; the fire was out, the baby was bathing in cream, the churn was empty and no butter was in sight, the pig lay dead, and a whole barrel of beer was gone. When she saw all that had happened, she scolded at first, but then she was glad to sit down and wash the baby, while Peter found a kettle and made more soup. After this they both felt better. Mrs. Peter was then willing to confess that reaping is tiresome work, and Peter, too, acknowledged with a sigh that it takes brains to run a household.

THE JOURNEY-COMPANIONS

FOUNDED ON THE STORY IN MEISSNER'S "AUS
MEINER WELT"

A LITTLE girl was starting back one day to her father's house which was on the other side of the forest. The forest was a safe and beautiful place, in those days, and this little girl didn't feel at all afraid. She had gone only a mile or two, and was admiring the bright, green light that struck down thru the leaves, when she met a boy with a shining morning face. "Good morning!" she cried. For the expression: "Hey, Kid!" had not then come into good use. "Good morning," answered the boy. "Do you like to dance?" "O, yes!" answered the girl, "I wish I could dance a while right now." "Well, I'll play for you," said the boy, picking up a mouth-harp which was lying on the moss. So the lad played, and the child danced, and the birds hopped about, and the squirrels turned hand-springs, all in time to that gay music. When they were tired and out of breath, the two children sat down to rest, and all the

trees of the forest clapped their hands. "This is nicer than a party," said the girl. "Won't you tell me your name, Boy?" "My name is Pleasure," answered the boy. "I love places like this, but they're always asking me to parties and teas and circuses, and sometimes I go to the movies, or to big athletic events. I have to go to something right now, miles and miles away, tho I'd rather stay here." "Then please come and see me at home, Pleasure, and get acquainted with my father and mother and the baby. We shall all be glad to see you." "Yes," said Pleasure heartily. "I'll come when you're not expecting me. That's the way I find my best welcome." So the children said good-bye, and followed their different paths thru the forest.

About noon the little girl came to a clearing, where the air was fragrant with wild strawberries. In the shade on one side of the clearing stood several baskets full of the ripe fruit, and a vigorous woman could be seen stooping over and picking the berries. "Come here, child," called the woman. "You must help me with this work." She spoke kindly enough, but the girl knew that she must obey. After a half-hour's work she had picked a pint or more, and the woman said, with a friendly smile: "Now, my child, you must be hungry for your dinner." "O, I forgot to bring

my dinner," answered the girl. "Sit down with me then," said the woman, "and you may share my luncheon and pay me in berries." This the child was glad to do, and as they ate together, the stranger seemed to become more and more familiar, reminding her of her own father and mother. After they had finished their meal and had rested a few moments, the little girl said shyly: "Thank you for calling to me. I should have grown faint if I hadn't had that good dinner. Would you mind telling me your name?" The woman sighed and then smiled again. "Children don't like my name," she said; "at least, not until they know me pretty well. My name is Work. I'm a good friend to you children; a better friend than you know. Those who realize that seldom get into any serious trouble. You're not going to be afraid of Work, are you, little girl?" "O, no, Mrs. Work!" cried the child, getting up and making a bob-curtsey, as children still do in the forest. "My parents know you, and they often speak of you. I'll never be afraid of you again."

After the vigorous Mrs. Work had gone her way, the child went on, feeling more and more thankful that she had been made to earn her dinner and eat it, for it is a long way thru this forest. And now the sun began to sink, and the girl knew

that she was nearing home. While she was thinking about her two new friends, she saw an old, sad-looking woman, standing at a turn in the path. The woman was carrying one heavy basket and trying to lift another. "O! let me help you!" cried the child. "Don't you think I could lift that basket?" "See if you can't, little daughter," said the old woman, and the child tried to carry the basket in her arms, but it was the heaviest burden she had ever tried to bear. "We must lift it up high on your head," said the woman, "or it will bend you down to the ground." So, with a great effort, they lifted the basket to the girl's head, and she found that she could carry it so. The burden made her stand up straight, and feel grown-up and strong. Besides, she now noticed the beautiful colors that followed the sunset, and, as the trees grew fewer, she saw the many bright stars coming out; sights which she could not have seen so well had she not been obliged to look up. And now they were almost out of the forest, and the woman said: "I know you are nearly home, so I will tell you about that load which you are carrying so bravely. My name is Sorrow. People hate my very name. I come to everybody, late or soon, and give each one something heavy to carry." "O, Mrs. Sorrow!" answered the child. "I heard my parents speak

of you, when my little sister died and we were all so sad." "Yes," said Sorrow. "That was a heavy burden and they bore it well, just as you are bearing yours. When people do that they learn to look up to Heaven and grow strong and wise." With that she took away the basket, and then said good-bye. Then the tired little girl went in and found her father and mother, and told them about her three new and yet old friends.

BLACK DIAMOND

FOUNDED ON A STORY FROM MEISSNER'S "AUS
MEINER WELT"

A COUNTESS once had a small Moorish page named Diamond. He was very black, and the queer part of it was, that his color came off a little every time he washed, or was caught out in the rain. That first part didn't matter much, for Diamond was a typical nine-year-old boy, and not fond of scrubbing. Being caught out in the rain did, in the end, make a great difference to Diamond; for, when he was not playing to the countess, he sat on the high seat of her chariot, which was lined with white satin. Once they were caught in the rain, and the countess saw the ugly, dark stains spreading here and there on the beautiful surface. "Diamond! Diamond!" she cried. "What ails the white lining?" "Madam, I cannot tell a lie," answered the honest little page. "The trouble is that my complexion is not a fast color." "Diamond," said the countess kindly, "in that case I cannot keep you any longer. You are

a good boy, tho, and I shall never let your parents suffer. Take the best violin in my palace, and go around everywhere and play for the country dances. Stay out in the rain all you can. If you need any help, come back and see me, and anyway let me hear from you. I think you may become a great musician. Time will tell."

So Diamond accepted the violin, bade good-bye to his parents and the countess and went out into the world. The story loses him for ten years, and then finds him at the court of the beautiful Golden Princess. You see that Diamond was now playing before royalty. The great lady who was called the Golden Princess looked like a beautiful statue, made of gold and come to life. Many young princes had asked her to marry them, but she had always laughed at the idea. As Diamond played to her, he remembered that princesses sometimes did wed musicians, and she seemed to him so very beautiful that he found courage to tell her his story, assure her that by and by he would be white, and beg her to marry him when that time should come. The princess saw nothing in this but a joke, and she and her ladies laughed so hard at Diamond that he went away quite overcome with their unkindness. "Alas!" thot Diamond. (For it is only recently that boys have said, "Aw gee!") "Alas, that I am a Moor!"

From the court of the Golden Princess, where he had been so unhappy, Diamond went to a far country where he met another sort of princess, who was not regarded as a princess at all, and was only as pretty as all girls are. In this country it rained nearly all the time, and Diamond was soon white. Before this, however, he had become acquainted with the girl who wasn't a princess but should have been. She loved his music, loved his honesty and kindness, and was willing to marry him even tho he had to live such a roving life. Diamond told his wife all about the Golden Princess, and she wasn't at all jealous. This fact, and his wife's goodness, which seemed to him to grow greater every day, led Diamond to say to her often: "The Golden Princess was gold only on the outside, but you are all gold except the outside."

Some years later, Diamond was taking his wife and the children back to see the countess, who was now an old woman. He had not been back since his parents had died, and the countess had never seen his family. At that time she had asked all about the Golden Princess, and had said wisely: "Some foolish girls don't know the difference between a coming and a going man. But that is usually because they are not coming on themselves." Diamond had not understood this, but

his wife had, when he told her. And now they were all going together to the countess's. On the way they passed a big circus-tent, and saw a sign that said: "Come and See the Beautiful Golden Princess. Adults One Cent. Children Two for a Cent." Diamond and his wife and the children all went in for three cents, and Diamond was shocked to find that it was the Golden Princess of years ago, all dark and tarnished. "O what a pity!" he thot. "Her color came off too." She seemed to recognize him, but he went away without saying anything to her about old times, because he felt sorry that, while he had been getting whiter and whiter, she had been getting darker and darker. "That was my old princess," he told his wife later. "I'm glad she laughed at me that day." "So am I," answered his wife.

HERBERT HOOVER, THE FOOD- CONTROLLER

MR. HERBERT HOOVER is now a little over forty years old, and came from our part of the country, the Middle-West. His parents died when he was young, and he was brot up by relatives farther west. He did not go to high-school, but prepared for college by himself, having trouble with nothing except English, and finishing his preparation at the age of sixteen. His family belong to the Society of Friends, often called Quakers, and planned to send the boy to one of their church colleges. Hoover's own plan was to study mining-engineering, and he thot the best place to do this was in California. His relatives were willing that he should go to Leland Stanford University, but were not willing to pay his expenses. Hoover found little difficulty in earning his way, and in his senior year did the university organizations a service that showed his natural ability to conserve. The students' clubs, athletic, literary and musical, were always short of money, tho they handled a great deal, and the

students in charge were honest. Hoover saw that only management and coöperation were needed, and accordingly he formed a central committee representing all the clubs and providing against over-lapping of expenses. This solved the difficulty so well that the university has ever since paid a man a salary to keep up the work started by Mr. Hoover.

After his graduation, the first thing that the young engineer did was to go into a mine as a common miner. This experience has enabled him to understand and consider the labor side, in questions arising in his profession, and helps us to understand why he has never in his life had a strike. When he had learned all that a miner has to do, he entered the larger work of his profession. He picked out the one mining-engineer under whom he wanted to serve, and offered to work for him for nothing, when there was at first no vacancy. Under this man he worked in several parts of the West, and then went to Australia. Here, in prospecting in the desert parts of the island, he learned a great deal about managing supplies of food and water.

From Australia Hoover went to China, to become Superintendent of Mining for the government, which was then an empire. He and his wife were caught by the Boxer Uprising, a revo-

lution which entirely changed the government of China. Many foreigners were killed during this civil war, and merchants and missionaries sent their wives and children out of the country as far as possible. Mrs. Hoover, however, chose to stay while her husband kept the mines for which he was responsible, open and running. At one time they had to extemporize a barricade, behind which the Hoovers worked a rapid-fire gun. The barricade was made of bags of provisions such as rice and sugar, and when the danger was over they and their miners ate up the walls according to the original plan. This sounds like an incident out of "Haensel and Gretel," but it goes to show that Mr. Hoover can accomplish a great deal with a food-supply.

Hoover's next business experience was discouraging, but it worked out well after all. A large enterprise which he joined in England failed badly, and he was the only member of the firm willing or able to reorganize and pay the company's debts. It took him six years to do this, but the sense of honor which he thus showed has since opened to him several positions of trust and influence. He was still in England when the European war broke out, and made himself useful to hundreds of Americans, who wanted to go home and suddenly found their letters-of-credit were

useless. The sums advanced to these Americans began to come back immediately, and Hoover and others who had helped him had in hand money for immediate relief-work in Belgium. He and his co-workers bought large amounts of flour, and chartered boats to take it to Belgium. When all arrangements had been made, they asked permission of the English government to undertake this work. This was the beginning of the Belgian Relief Commission, which Hoover and his associates managed with the greatest efficiency until our country entered the war. Then it was taken over by Holland, because it had to be done by a neutral power.

(This was to be finished and brot up to date by the class.)

HOW 'THIAS CAME UP IN THE WORLD*

IN the first place 'Thias was supposed by some people to be half-witted. His mother hadn't thot he was stupid, but she died when he was only three and now he was seven. His father, Big 'Thias, was a silent man and understood the quiet little fellow. But now 'Thias, the father, was dead too. He and the son had kept house four years in a lonesome, but comfortable way, and Big 'Thias had worked hard at his dangerous calling of wild-hay-cutting. People in Switzerland understand what that means. Many beautiful, green slopes on the Alps are too steep, and have too many jumping-off places to be safe for farming, and the wild-hay-cutters take the grass from these slopes and sell it to the dairy men. Big 'Thias had fallen while at this work and been pieked up a hopeless cripple. He had lived just long enough to use up all his little savings and 'Thias had been left to the care of the town of Beckenried.

The poor guardian sent 'Thias to board with the Joseph family, in a little house outside the

town. Father and mother Joseph were very careless, slack people. If 'Thias had been a big, strong boy, able to take his own part in a fight, he would seldom have gone hungry at the Josephs', but the Josephs' meals were not formal; each child usually snatched what he wanted from the kettle, racing off with it like a pup with a bone, and thus it often happened that 'Thias's share went to the wrong address. The result of this was, that 'Thias soon began to look very thin and his big brown eyes looked more and more frightened.

The Josephs lived up from the village, and the Beckenried people saw 'Thias only on Sundays when he went to confirmation class. He should have gone to day-school, but the Josephs said he was too stupid. When he went to the Sunday-school he passed the Vicenzes' house, and to look at its cheerful outside was the one pleasure of his troubled Sabbath. For confirmation class was hard for 'Thias; if he answered a question he was always wrong and if he didn't answer that was wrong too. Mrs. Vicenze had a feeling of dislike for all the Josephs because they were always so dirty and rude; the children had clean faces only once a week, for Sunday-School. 'Thias was shabbier than any of them but she liked him and sometimes called him in and gave him a cooky

and a cup of milk. 'Thias was dumb with delight whenever she did this and never really thanked her in words, but she felt repaid by the happy look on his face.

At Sunday-school the boys all sat on their benches, and the girls on theirs, and the order was as bad as it could be. Between pinches and kicks 'Thias could learn very little and collected a set of rather queer notions. What he heard about Heaven always reminded him of Mrs. Vicenze because she had sometimes told him that his father and mother had gone there. 'Thias thot it couldn't be very far away since Mrs. Vicenze knew so much about it. Anyway he wanted to go there and find his parents.

Once or twice 'Thias saw Franz Anton, Mrs. Vicenze's son, and Franz Anton seemed to 'Thias like all the Bible heroes rolled up into one. He was as big as Goliath, and ruddy and good-looking like David, and generous like Jonathan, and he made many mysterious trips up the mountain like Moses, and he had flocks and herds like Abraham, and 'Thias thought Franz Anton was as wise as Solomon and as good as Joseph.

'Thias never mentioned Franz Anton to the other children, but before he had been at the Josephs' many weeks he heard the children begin to talk about the cheese-paring at Franz Anton's.

This was to them a sort of party. They had to talk about it before 'Thias because they needed his help. This is the way these cheese-parings come about: the dairy men take their cows out to pasture in the spring, when the grass is green only at the foot of the mountains. As the snow melts farther and farther up the mountains the cattle are led farther up, until it is too far for the herdsman to come home nights. This is why well-to-do herdsmen, like Franz Anton, keep a comfortable little summer house clear up on the mountain-top. This explains, too, why 'Thias had seen Franz Anton so seldom; for he saw him only when he had to come to the village and sell cheese and buy groceries. Poor children like 'Thias seldom have a chance to taste Swiss cheese. When the cheeses are being pressed, however, little rims and edges of good cheese are crowded out of the molds, and the dairy-man has to trim them off before his cheeses are ready for market. Franz Anton was so fond of children that he invited them every so often to his cheese-parings. They kept track of the time as well as little calendars, and when the day came around, they would draw lots to see which two should watch the cows. The two who were chosen had to stay and all the rest went prancing up to Franz Anton's. Perhaps you think they brot some cheese back to

How 'Thias Came Up in the World 115

the children who watched the cows, but if you think that you are badly mistaken.

The first time 'Thias heard about the cheese-paring was one very hot day. He was chosen one of the two who stayed and watched the cows. This was bad enough, but he felt worse when the other victim presently started off after the rest, shouting to 'Thias: "Hey, Dummy, you keep an eye on the cows." Tho 'Thias usually stayed at his post, this time he broke his record and presently started up the mountain leaving the cows to their fate. They fared better than 'Thias, for they found plenty to eat, while 'Thias came toiling up the last steep piece of climbing, only to meet the other children coming back. Franz Anton was still standing by the door with his cheese-knife in his hand and a friendly smile on his face. 'Thias had learned not to be caught crying, and finding a hiding place behind a little fir-tree he sat and sobbed until the last child was gone. "It isn't just the cheese-parings," 'Thias thot, "tho they must be very good of course and perhaps they're what the angels eat in Heaven. But all the rest of them saw Franz Anton and he joked with them and I wasn't there." But presently the door opened again and his hero went back and forth with a big bucket until the milking was over and the sun was setting. Sunset makes

all the snow-capped peaks beautiful rose-pink. Franz Anton seemed to enjoy this sight for he brot his supper out to the broad clean doorstep. 'Thias too was watching the sun set and forgot that, little as he was, there was still enough of him to see by daylight. He was sitting up beside the tree like a small, brown rabbit, when Franz Anton saw him, and, before 'Thias could take to his heels, he found himself sitting on Franz Anton's knee, and that wonderful man was looking at him with an amused but friendly smile. "So, old man!" said Franz Anton, "now I can see what you look like. Why didn't you get here earlier?" "I had to watch the cows," said 'Thias in a still, small voice. "Well, well!" boomed Franz Anton's big voice. "It's too bad you didn't get any cheese-bits, but you must have a bite with me." 'Thias silently thot of a verse he had been taught Sunday. It was: "Blessed are they who shall eat bread in the Kingdom of Heaven." 'Thias had believed this, but now he knew it. Franz Anton's pieces of bread were an inch thick and the butter in proportion. They were something to gaze at before one bit into them. Blessed, yes blessed, are they who eat bread and butter and ham, and drink a big mug of milk, and then another and see the sun setting and hear a friendly voice.

When the sociable meal was over Franz Anton said: "Now, 'Thias, the moon is coming up and you must run home or the Josephs will be anxious about you." "No, sir, they won't be," said 'Thias cheerfully and then remembering his manners: "Yes, sir! And this was nicer than the cheese feast,—and—and—thank you!" But 'Thias went only a little way and then came back and hid, hoping to see Franz Anton once more. After about an hour, Franz Anton came out and looked away off toward Beckenried and said aloud: "God bless you! Good night!" 'Thias knew that this was meant for Franz Anton's mother, but he felt that he too had a share in it and went home happy.

Next day 'Thias went to Sunday-school, and the pastor asked questions about the last lesson. "Now, 'Thias," he began, "I know we can't expect much of you, but this is a very easy question; where do the good people go when all the troubles of this sad life are over?" "To Franz Anton's to supper!" 'Thias answered, but he was interrupted by a howl of derision, and for two or three days the children talked of nothing else, but what a crazy idiot 'Thias was.

Then there were several terribly hot days, but each evening 'Thias crept off as soon as he had brot his cows in and climbed clear up to Franz

Anton's little tree, and, silent and unseen, he watched Franz Anton do his evening work. The third evening it seemed that something was wrong; the cottage was deserted, the sun set, the full moon shone out, and still Franz Anton did not come. 'Thias grew more and more uneasy and finally set off down the road to Beckenried. Before long he saw in the moonlight a dark figure, lying across the path. His heart almost stopped, but he went bravely on and found that it was indeed Franz Anton. He was not dead, for his head was very hot and he murmured disconnected words, and sometimes groaned pitifully. Finally his dry lips seemed to form the word, "water." 'Thias sped back to the cottage and found a clean roller-towel and the big milk bucket. This he filled at the spring, and, heavy as the bucket was, he was soon sitting beside his friend giving him little sips of water, and keeping the wet towel around his head. Franz Anton gave a sigh of relief, murmured, "dream . . . angel," and then seemed to fall asleep quite comfortably.

'Thias stayed with his friend all night, refilling the bucket and keeping the towel always cold. He had the great joy of seeing Franz Anton's sleep grow easier. When the day dawned the invalid opened his eyes and gradually realized what had

taken place. He had carried a heavy load down to Beckenried, and had been overcome with the heat on his way back. But for 'Thias he would probably have died. "Old man," he said presently, "a good thing you happened to come up to-night. How long have you been here?" 'Thias forgot to be shy: "Been here all night," he said. "I—I come here every night, but I didn't let you see me because I—I didn't come for the bread and butter and things, and last night you didn't come and *didn't* come so I thot something bad might have happened to you, and I found you, and got the bucket and towel and stayed all night. Was that all right?" This had a strange effect on Franz Anton. If he had not been a man, and the most wonderful of men, 'Thias would have thot there were tears in his eyes. "Yes! That *was* all right, 'Thias," he said. "I dreamed God sent an angel and I think my dream came true. We'll see if we can get up to the house, and then if you can keep awake long enough to go down and get my mother——." To help his friend was like Heaven to 'Thias, and as they went slowly up to the cottage he had to tell Franz Anton about the blunder he had made in the Sunday-school class. "But if you thot I was an angel," he said, "perhaps it wasn't such a bad mistake."

Franz Anton's mother was overcome with dismay and relief at the same time, and kept saying, "Thank God! Thank God!" She loaded two baskets with good things such as 'Thias had never seen before and they returned to the mountain cottage together. Franz Anton had slept quietly ever since 'Thias had left him and now felt quite like himself tho a little weak. His mother cooked him a wonderful breakfast, but the one who enjoyed it most was 'Thias. He had never seen such eggs, pan-cakes or honey, and that was another thing that reminded him of Sunday, for he had heard something about the flowing of milk and honey, in the Celestial City.

Mrs. Vicenze interrupted his thots by asking: "'Thias, would you hate to leave the Josephs?" "No, ma'am!" he answered promptly. She went on, "I can't bear to have you back in that dirty, slack house. You look so like your pretty mother, and her house was always as neat as wax. It would grieve her even in Heaven to see you." 'Thias felt a lump in his throat, for he now realized that Heaven was farther off than he had thot. "But I haven't anywhere else to live," he said. "'Thias, you can come to our house," Mrs. Vicenze said, "and then you can go to school." "And he can stay up here in the summer," put in Franz Anton. At these words 'Thias

understood how Elijah felt when the chariot came and took him suddenly up to Heaven.

And now I must tell you that the people in Beckenried all speak of 'Thias now as one of the most promising boys in town. The Josephs don't call him "Dummy." Their new name for him is "Smarty." But 'Thias tries not to put on airs even when he helps Franz Anton at the cheese-parings. After all, none of it is his doings, he thinks; it's really Franz Anton who is so smart, and Mrs. Vicenze who is so good.

* Altered from Johanna Spyri's "Vom This, der doch Etwas Wird."

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